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SARTOR RESARTUS
ESSAYS ON BURNS AND SCOTT

THOMAS CARLYLE

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EDITOR'S NOTE

It was in 1828, in the solitude of the Craigenputtock farmhouse, that Carlyle "began to prophesy," and "passionately" laboured at *Sartor Resartus*, but it was not until 1833 that he could get his "philosophy of clothes" accepted for publication. *Fraser's Magazine* then offered its pages to this new message in literature, and for nearly a year it was continued in instalments. The publisher informed Carlyle that it was received with "unqualified dissatisfaction," and reduced the rate of payment. The most eminently characteristic of all his works, *Sartor Resartus* is, next to the *French Revolution*, the most fascinating, when once the grim humour of the whole conception—a scheme of philosophy based, as Mr. Chesterton has it, on the solemn and religious regard of a pair of trousers—is realised.

Its thoughts were the outcome of the travail of soul of the author. At one period of his life he was "totally irreligious." The "new birth" came to him suddenly in 1821, whilst walking in Leith Walk—the Rue St. Thomas L'Enfer of *Sartor Resartus*. His birthplace, Ecclefechan, also figures here as Entepfuhl. There are many other autobiographical touches, one of the most interesting of which is the characterisation, as Blumine, of an early love, Margaret Gordon.

The essays on Burns and Scott first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Thomas Carlyle was born on Dec. 4, 1795, and died Feb. 4, 1881.

SARTOR RESARTUS

AND ESSAYS ON BURNS AND SCOTT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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SARTOR RESARTUS

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

SARTOR RESARTUS

Book First

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five-thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rushlights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect: Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure for ever; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough: what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring? Then, have we

not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science,—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's-glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal*; whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal*; and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after: the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cow-horn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen*; in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence;

as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey ; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of finance and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

> 'By geometric scale
> Doth take the size of pots of ale;'

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments ; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man ? It is written, 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some out-lying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province ; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed ;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night ! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stunted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English ; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and

endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have so such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo; treating expressly of this subject, and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

'*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their 'Origin and Influence): *von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J.U.D. 'etc. Stillschweigen und Cognie. Weissnichtwo*, 1831.

'Here,' says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, 'comes a 'Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated 'sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Ger-'many, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the 'hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Com-'pany, with every external furtherance, it is of such 'internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance.' * * * * 'A work,' concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, 'interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the 'philosophic thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-'eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism and 'Philanthropy (*derber Kerndeutschheit und Menschenliebe*); 'which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition 'in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new 'name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of Philosophy, 'in our German Temple of Honour.'

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase: *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen!*

CHAPTER II

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES

If for a speculative man, 'whose seedfield,' in the sublime words of the Poet, 'is Time,' no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's calendar. It is indeed an 'extensive Volume,' of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescried ulterior results, was disclosed; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof: how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English Nation? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this

remarkable Volume, in such widely circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed, and treated of, might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant? If, indeed, all party-divisions in the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union; and all the Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine*? A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the 'agitation and attention' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying 'some knowledge of it, and

of him, 'to England, and through England to the distant 'West:' a work on Professor Teufelsdröckh 'were un-'doubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any 'other of those patriotic *Libraries*, at present the glory of 'British Literature;' might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth; —in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement: and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable Oliver Yorke was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated; —for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to those same 'patriotic *Libraries*,' the Hofrath's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a 'Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen and talent for meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice, above all from the paralysis of cant; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even

insignificant: * it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits; whoso hath ears, let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning: namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh's, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the logical wear.

For the rest, be it nowise apprehended, that any personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods, when, lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure! But what then? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas;* Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world; have feud or favour with no one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness, we do at all times wage internecine war. This assurance, at an epoch when puffery and quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels *No cheating here,* —we thought it good to premise.

* With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler; and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name!—O.Y.

CHAPTER III

REMINISCENCES

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life: a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then suspected; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less anything Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be for ever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,* and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffee-house (it was *Zur Grünen Gans*, the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect of the place assembled of an evening); and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and ——'s)! One full shout,

* Gukguk is unhappily only an academical—beer.

breaking the leaden silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night: resuming their pipes; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke; triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-vogel,* said several; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt doch der Schalk?* added they, looking round: but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top? Thy little figure, there as, in loose ill-brushed threadbare habiliments, thou sattest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco,' held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more, in thy meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism, combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting-in the woof!

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data, in this case, may be a curious question; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes,

no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered; not so much as a false one. He was a stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birthplace, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy: besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly, as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, 'Professor of Things in General,' he had never delivered any Course; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done

enough, if 'in times like ours,' as the half-official Program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly or slowly, 'resolving themselves into Chaos, a Professorship of this 'kind had been established; whereby, as occasion called, 'the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such 'Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated.' That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the 'Science 'of Things in General,' they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest Names,' had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days; and, long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity on the part of the Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grüne Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible employment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience:

and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations; indeed, maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts*: the sitting-room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and "honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by "sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays "while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down "to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, "knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon "sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weather-"cock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped "and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in "pouches of leather; there, topladen, and with four swift "horses, rolls-in the country Baron and his household; "here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully

"along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, "and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young "Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, "and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. "That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all "qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, "whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit "hin:* From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are "Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered "visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, "melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of "the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank "Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, "the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on "its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, with-"out a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its "Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy "Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that "Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, "or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes "of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-"fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of "Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his "Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal "fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has "lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still "rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing "her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for "her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like "nightbirds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the ster-"torous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! "Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putre-"factions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat "lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful "are there; men are dying there, men are being born; "men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, "men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void "Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed "saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretched-"ness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken

"into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* "languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry "Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and "playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are "Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is "ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, "to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more "silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks "in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. "Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are "full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in "the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous "and faint, and bloodshot eyes look-out through the "darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a "stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the "morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*? "—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards "of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without "feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their "heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. "Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank "dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, "kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips "only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and "huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry "and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted "fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an "Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to "get its *head above* the others: *such* work goes on under "that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above "it all; I am alone with the Stars."

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons: most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked; while the visitor had liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable

substances, ' united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Lieschen (Lisekin, 'Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbeben* (earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising for ever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but Lieschen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman; so silent that some thought her dumb; deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give heed to; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear; yet all was tight and right there: hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment; and the speechless Lieschen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither: the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed, pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, ' they never appear without

their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety-and-nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes,—it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give; in whose loose, zigzag figure; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,—you traced rather confusion worse confounded; at most, Timidity and physical Cold? Some indeed said withal, he was 'the very Spirit of Love embodied:' blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness; purse ever open, and so forth; the whole of which, we shall now hope, for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best: *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-Gunst; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet, halberstarrt,* "He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed."—What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the

harangue, he gurgled-out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal, *Bravo! Das glaub' ich;* in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched-up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and suchlike to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class: nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him till once the Documents arrive? His life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the 'Origin and Influence of Clothes,' we for the present gladly return.

CHAPTER IV

CHARACTERISTICS

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us; that it is not, like all works of genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published creation, or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence, —a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesyings of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More especially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdrockh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks-out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing-room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung: 'a whole immensity of Brussels 'carpets, and pier-glasses, and or-mulo,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such Drawing-'room is simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many

'God-created Souls do for the time meet together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable; but nowise for her pearl bracelets and Malines laces: in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock; 'each is an implement,' he says, 'in its kind; a 'tag for *hooking-together*; and, for the rest, was dug from 'the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smith's 'fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these short-comings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise: if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work: nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks, too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within the most starched cravat there 'passes a windpipe and weasand, and under the thickliest 'embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through? In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious, strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; shears down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it.—On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and

maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your Oriental *Shasters*, and *Talmuds*, and *Korans*, with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*, and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing: for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene. On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of

real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen: yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh*; once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul's doing: some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-harangues;' and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*: gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming,

mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant, ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's,—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an Author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through the Narrative portions, a certain show of outward method; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative: but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubic, or even quite nondescript and unnameable; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or

trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD IN CLOTHES

'As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*,' observes our Professor, 'so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes*; thus, with 'an *Esprit des Lois*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we 'should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in 'tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere 'Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious 'operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilatory 'endeavours, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; 'his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon 'and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be 'built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, 'based on light sandals; tower-up in high headgear, from 'amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles; swell-out in 'starched ruffs, buckram stuffings, and monstrous tuber-'osities; or girth himself into separate sections, and front 'the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend 'on the nature of such Architectural Idea: whether 'Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and 'Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, what meaning lies 'in Colour! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming 'scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in 'choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, 'so does the Colour betoken Temper and Heart. In all 'which, among nations as among individuals, there is an 'incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working 'of Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has been 'regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which 'doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither 'invisible nor illegible.

'For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect 'Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a com-'fortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, for 'inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have 'always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, what

'is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling 'Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon 'of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven ?—Let any Cause-and-'Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and 'such a Garment, obey such and such a Law; but even 'why *I* am *here*, to wear and obey anything!—Much, 'therefore, if not the whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* 'I shall suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even 'impertinent: naked Facts, and Deductions drawn there-'from in quite another than that omniscient style, are my 'humbler and proper province.'

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance-over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library* of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, 'at present the glory of British Literature?' If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with 'Lilis, Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmud-'ists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, 'the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and terrestrial 'Devils,'—very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say, that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But, quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamydes, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part, too, we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. 'Miserable indeed,' says he, 'was the condition 'of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his 'fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his 'loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest 'of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered 'in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild-fruits; 'or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, 'lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, 'without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, 'that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, 'he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby 'recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring 'skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge 'once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decora-'tion (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase;

'or amid dried leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, 'or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have 'Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing 'and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual 'want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still 'see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries.

'Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest 'Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-'rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on 'air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, 'which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, 'like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling 'Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh 'forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. 'What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! 'For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or 'beholds, is in continual growth, regenesis and self-perfecting 'vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-'living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that 'cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be found 'flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hem-'lock-forest!) after a thousand years.

'He who first shortened the labours of Copyists by 'device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, 'and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a 'whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art 'of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, 'and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the 'ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final 'undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of 'Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it 'was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his low Ox 'about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil, '—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or 'stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his 'pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did 'Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and 'Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for 'there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and 'whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) 'over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to 'teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the 'length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishest

'love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased 'Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what 'of these? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as 'yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose 'there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-'encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us 'individuality, distinctions, social polity; Clothes have 'made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-'screens of us.

'But, on the whole,' continues our eloquent Professor, 'Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Handthierendes Thier*). Weak 'in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at 'most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, 'insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the 'very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three 'quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer of the 'meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless 'he can use Tools, can devise Tools: with these the 'granite mountain melts into light dust before him; he 'kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste; seas are his 'smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. 'Nowhere do you find him without Tools; without Tools 'he is nothing, with Tools he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark, that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their

Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

'Man is a Tool-using Animal,' concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way; 'of which truth Clothes are but one 'example: and surely if we consider the interval between 'the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those 'Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of 'Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He 'digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, 'and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the 'rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour;* and they do it: he 'collects, apparently by lot, six-hundred and fifty-eight 'miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this 'nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin 'for us;* and they do it.'

CHAPTER VI

APRONS

One of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons.* What though stout old Gao, the Persian Blacksmith, 'whose Apron, now indeed hidden 'under jewels, because raised in revolt which proved 'successful, is still the royal standard of that country;' what though John Knox's Daughter, 'who threatened 'Sovereign Majesty that she would catch her husband's 'head in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a 'bishop;' what though the Landgravine Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies,—figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

'Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanliness, to 'safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the 'thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and 'beatified ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred 'housewife, sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes, 'has gracefully fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, 'girt round him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds,

'and at evening sticks his trowel; or to those jingling 'sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked 'Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace,—is 'there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this 'Vestment? How much has been concealed, how much 'has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly considered, 'what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, 'charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-'coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works '(uneasily enough); guarding itself from some toil and 'stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (*Teufelsschmiede*) 'of a world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me 'hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein 'consists the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer '(*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner 'of it, as if his day's work done: what does he shadow 'forth thereby?' etc., etc.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote?

'I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by the 'Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for 'Typography; therefore as an encouragement to modern 'Literature, and deserving of approval: nor is it without 'satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm 'having in view to introduce the same fashion, with 'important extensions, in England.'—We who are on the spot hear of no such thing; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is.—Teufelsdröckh continues: 'If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to 'choke-up the highways and public thoroughfares, new 'means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world 'existing by Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a 'destroying element, and not as a creating one. However, 'Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In 'the meanwhile, is it not beautiful to see five-million 'quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall; and 'annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed-on, 'and sold,—returned thither; filling so many hungry 'mouths by the way? Thus is the Laystall, especially 'with its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric 'Battery, and Fountain-of-motion, from which and to 'which the Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous

'Electricities) circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through 'the mighty, billowy, storm-tost Chaos of Life, which they 'keep alive!'—Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this: 'The Journalists are 'now the true Kings and Clergy: henceforth Historians, 'unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, 'and Tudors and Hapsburgs; but of Stamped Broadsheet 'Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, according 'as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination of Able 'Editors, gains the world's ear. Of the British Newspaper 'Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful 'enough in its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable 'descriptive History already exists, in that language, 'under the title of *Satan's Invisible World Displayed*; 'which, however, by search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, 'I have not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht 'aufzutreiben*).'

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik*; and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in Modern Literature!

CHAPTER VII

MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL

Happier is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century; the true era of extravagance in Costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and everyway interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown-out as a pertinent question

for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick's valuable work *On Ancient Armour*? Take, by way of example, the following sketch; as authority for which Paulinus's *Zeitkürzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to:

'Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the 'Fifteenth Century, we might smile; as perhaps those 'bygone Germans, were they to rise again, and see our 'haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the 'Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises 'again; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled 'with the Past; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, 'whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but lie 'peaceably underground. Nay it is very mournful, yet 'not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and Dearest, 'in a short while, would find his place quite filled-up here, 'and no room for him; the very Napoleon, the very 'Byron, in some seven years, has become obsolete, and 'were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of 'Progress secured; and in Clothes, as in all other external 'things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

'Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff-'belts, complicated chains and gorgets, huge churn-boots, 'and other riding and fighting gear have been bepainted 'in modern Romance, till the whole has acquired somewhat 'of a sign-post character,—I shall here say nothing: the 'civil and pacific classes, less touched upon, are wonderful 'enough for us.

'Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke*' (a perhaps untranslatable article); 'also a silver girdle, whereat hang little 'bells; so that when a man walks, it is with continual 'jingling. Some few, of musical turn, have a whole chime 'of bells (*Glockenspiel*) fastened there; which, especially 'in sudden whirls, and the other accidents of walking, has 'a grateful effect. Observe too how fond they are of peaks, 'and Gothic-arch intersections. The male world wears 'peaked caps, an ell long, which hang bobbing over the 'side (*schief*): their shoes are peaked in front, also to 'the length of an ell, and laced on the side with tags; 'even the wooden shoes have their ell-long noses: some 'also clap bells on the peak. Further, according to my 'authority, the men have breeches without seat (*ohne*

'*Gesäss*): these they fasten peakwise to their shirts; 'and the long round doublet must overlap them.

'Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped out 'behind and before, so that back and breast are almost 'bare. Wives of quality, on the other hand, have train-'gowns four or five ells in length; which trains there are 'boys to carry. Brave Cleopatras, sailing in their silk-cloth 'Galley, with a Cupid for steersman! Consider their 'welts, a handbreadth thick, which waver round them by 'way of hem; the long flood of silver buttons, or rather 'silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same 'welt-gowns are buttoned. The maidens have bound 'silver snoods about their hair, with gold spangles, and 'pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, sparkling hair-drops: 'but of their mother's headgear who shall speak? Neither 'in love of grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather 'you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford it) in 'long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, for hem, not 'one but two sufficient hand-broad welts; all ending atop 'in a thick well-starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad: 'these are their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

'As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not; 'but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie 'multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit 'Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance 'enough. Thus do the two sexes vie with each other 'in the art of Decoration; and as usual the stronger 'carries it.'

Our Professor, whether he have humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him: more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen 'was red-painted on the nose, and white-painted on the 'cheeks, as her tirewomen, when from spleen and wrinkles 'she would no longer look in any glass, were wont to serve

'her?' We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust: and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection:

'By what strange chances do we live in History? 'Erostratus by a torch; Milo by a bullock; Henry Darnley, 'an unfledged booby and bustard, by his limbs; most 'Kings and Queens by being born under such and such a 'bed-tester; Boileau Despréaux (according to Helvetius) 'by the peck of a turkey; and this ill-starred individual 'by a rent in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser 'Otto's Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themis-'tocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends, yield 'cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written.'—Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

'The simplest costume,' observes our Professor, 'which 'I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as 'regimental, by Bolivar's Cavalry, in the late Columbian 'wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is 'provided (some were wont to cut off the corners, and make 'it circular): in the centre a slit is effected eighteen inches 'long; through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces 'his head and neck; and so rides shielded from all weather, 'and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his 'left arm); and not only dressed, but harnessed and 'draperied.'

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES

If in the Descriptive-Historical portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences: an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and 'buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes.' He says in so many words, 'Society is founded upon Cloth;' and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as 'on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the Sheet of clean and 'unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream; and without 'such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to endless depths, or 'mount to inane limboes, and in either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what

we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim: Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide-enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvas to sail thither?—As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation:

'With men of a speculative turn,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, 'when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswer-'able question: Who am *I*; the thing that can say '"I" (*das Wesen das sich* Ich *nennt*)? The world, with 'its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and, through 'the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied 'tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and 'lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith 'your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches 'forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the 'Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious 'Presence with another.

'Who am I; what is this Me? A Voice, a Motion, an 'Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the 'Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas, poor Cogitator, 'this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and 'lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The 'answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, 'uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-'figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where 'is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written 'Apocalypse yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a 'boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, 'for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even

'nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured 'visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, 'whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; 'except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. 'Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; 'but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. 'Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows 'as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancy-'ing ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical 'Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, 'confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are 'both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with 'their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolu-'tions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This 'Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call 'Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, 'as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are 'wise who know that they know nothing.

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so 'inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being 'is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot 'rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the 'worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and 'Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. 'High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words 'well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, 'no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater 'than the part:* how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a 'vacuum:* how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, '*Nothing can act but where it is:* with all my heart; only, 'WHERE is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the 'Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and 'mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the 'floor I stand on? But that same WHERE, with its 'brother WHEN, are from the first the master-colours of 'our Dream-grotto; say rather, the Canvas (the warp and 'woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are 'painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation 'taught certain of every climate and age, that the WHERE 'and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our 'thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to 'thought; that the Seer may discern them where they 'mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER:

'have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent 'and Eternal; as existing in a universal HERE, an ever-'lasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space 'is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; 'there *is* no Space and no Time: WE are—we know 'not what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of 'Deity!

'So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but 'an air-image, our ME the only reality: and Nature, with 'its thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex 'of our own inward Force, the "phantasy of our Dream;" 'or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living 'visible Garment of God:*

'"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

'Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this 'thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units 'of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

'It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone 'with these high speculations, that I first came upon the 'question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is 'this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The 'Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the 'girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened 'round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster 'and weaver and spinner; nay his own boot-maker, 'jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the 'valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his body; 'wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; 'nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills 'and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, 'and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—'good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the 'dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails 'of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred 'beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped

'with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house 'of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me 'more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself 'anew; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose 'some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away 'by tear and wear, must be brushed-off into the Ashpit, 'into the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been 'brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-'grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-'brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I too a compact 'all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass 'of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then; or a tightly-articu-'lated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive?

'Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut 'their eyes to plainest facts; and by the mere inertia 'of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of 'Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was 'always, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel 'and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which 'he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere 'use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose; thus let 'but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World 'happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be note-'worthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime 'does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or 'generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined 'Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and 'indivisible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till 'he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button 'them.

'For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-'thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of 'hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a 'certain horror at myself and mankind; almost as one 'feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, 'you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats '(of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Never-'theless there is something great in the moment when a 'man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and 'sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a 'forked straddling animal with bandy legs;" yet also a 'Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'

CHAPTER IX

ADAMITISM

Let no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse's arms; sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls? A terror to thyself and mankind! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short? The village where thou livedst was all apprised of the fact; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as handsel, silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange Thee of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half-buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mud-boots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that 'Horse I ride;' and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its

lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool: thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a 'sailor of the air;' the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been?—Nature is good, but she is not the best: here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about 'Aboriginal Savages,' and their 'condition miserable indeed?' Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves again to the 'matted cloak,' and go sheeted in a 'thick natural fell?'

Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, 'so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value; can they not be altered to serve better; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite; and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate ages 'as a Sign,' would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him: nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example:

'You see two individuals,' he writes, 'one dressed in 'fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue: Red says 'to Blue, "Be hanged and anatomised;" Blue hears with a 'shudder, and (O wonder of wonders!) marches sorrowfully 'to the gallows; is there noosed-up, vibrates his hour, 'and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a 'skeleton for medical purposes. How is this; or what 'make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is*? Red has 'no physical hold of Blue, no clutch of him, is no wise in

'*contact* with him: neither are those ministering Sheriffs 'and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so 'related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither 'and thither; but each stands distinct within his own 'skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is it done: the 'articulated Word sets all hands in Action; and Rope 'and Improved-drop perform their work.

'Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold: 'First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds 'to *All Men*; secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are 'the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red 'hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a 'plush-gown; whereby all mortals know that he is a 'JUDGE?—Society, which the more I think of it astonishes 'me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

'Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous 'ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-'rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers 'and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is 'presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, 'and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous 'Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed 'Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a 'clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some 'enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes 'fly-off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, 'Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every 'mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt 'on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. 'This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I 'am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right 'to publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like.'

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw:

'What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall 'in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, 'and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in

'Dream? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest 'hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und 'Staats-Action*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, 'which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to 'Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, 'Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, *are 'dissolved*, in wails and howls.'

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum! infandum!* And yet why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather everybody, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night; 'a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved?' And why might he not, did our stern fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? 'Solace of those afflicted with the like!' Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a 'physical or psychical infirmity' before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded-on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to reimpart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

'It will remain to be examined,' adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, 'in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed 'Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and 'English trial by jury: nay perhaps, considering his high 'function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and 'Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?), to a certain 'royal Immunity and Inviolability; which, however, 'misers and the meaner class of persons are not always 'voluntarily disposed to grant him.' * * * * 'O my 'Friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as "turkeys 'driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market:" or 'if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder 'and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!'

CHAPTER X

PURE REASON

It must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and 'bladders with dried peas.' To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about 'Kings wrestling naked on 'the green with Carmen,' and the kings being thrown: 'dissect them with scalpels,' says Teufelsdröckh; 'the 'same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other life-tackle, 'are there: examine their spiritual mechanism; the same 'great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty; nay ten to 'one but the Carman, who understands draught-cattle, 'the rimming of wheels, something of the laws of unstable 'and stable equilibrium, with other branches of wagon-'science, and has actually put forth his hand and operated 'on Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. 'Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference? From 'Clothes.' Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be everywhere 'Hail fellow well met,' and Chaos were come again: all which to any one that has once fairly pictured-out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bog of Sansculottism, stretching sour and pestilential: over which we have lightly flown; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink! If indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final:

'Are we Opossums; have we natural Pouches, like the 'Kangaroo? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess 'the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pineal gland of 'the Body Social: I mean, a PURSE?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods.

'To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man? 'An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye 'of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine 'Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under 'all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), 'contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is 'revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and 'DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, 'with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. 'Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid 'Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed-in, 'and inextricably over-shrouded: yet it is sky-woven, and 'worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of 'Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; 'power has been given him to know, to believe; nay does 'not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval bright-'ness, even here, though but for moments, look through? 'Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, "the 'true SHEKINAH is Man:" where else is the GOD'S-PRESENCE 'manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?'

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic

Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood: and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love; —though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?' Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on 'Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become 'transparent. "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this 'age, "must station himself in the middle:" how true! 'The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, 'and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and 'kindly brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether 'woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent Arachnes that 'weave unrestingly in our imagination? Or, on the other 'hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was 'created by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man '(the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper and 'State-paper Clothes) into the Man himself; and discern, 'it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more 'or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet also an 'inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker 'that sees with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals

much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is the basis of 'Worship: the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible 'in Man; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for 'some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium.*' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

'Shall your Science,' exclaims he, 'proceed in the small 'chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop 'of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical 'Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of 'Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what 'you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is 'that Science, which the scientific head alone, were it 'screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) 'set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without 'shadow of a heart,—but one other of the mechanical and 'menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific Head (having 'a Soul in it), is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought 'without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at 'best, dies like cookery with the day that called it forth; 'does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-'spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase 'to all Time.'

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of 'Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and 'professed Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, so 'numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' 'Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman 'geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or 'on none; nay who often, as illuminated Sceptics, walk 'abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle 'and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you 'therewith, though the sun is shining, and the whole street 'populous with mere justice-loving men:' that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

'The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually 'wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable 'Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* 'and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Labora- 'tories and Observatories with their results, in his single 'head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is 'no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, 'then he may be useful.

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk 'through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest 'Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney- 'Logic; and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe 'nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt to laughter; whoso 'recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of 'Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among 'our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, 'as well as a Kitchen and Castle-stall,—he shall be a 'delirious Mystic; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt 'protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one 'injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!* 'Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? Thou 'thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" 'me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private 'places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give 'it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and 'God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou 'hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.'

CHAPTER XI

PROSPECTIVE

THE Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: "If I take the wings 'of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the 'universe, God is there." Thou thyself, O cultivated 'reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, 'knowing GOD only by tradition, knowest thou any corner 'of the world where at least FORCE is not? The drop 'which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it 'falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away; already 'on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of 'Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motion-'less? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless, without 'Force, and utterly dead?

'As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: 'That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-'growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends 'over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-'shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut-off from the 'whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? 'Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the 'Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's 'Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with Iron 'Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of Man, 'are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force 'brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, 'in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou 'wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the 'All; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence 'reach quite through the All; whose dingy Priest, not by 'word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery 'of Force; nay preaches forth (exoterically enough) one 'little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of 'Man's Force, commanding, and one day to be all-com-'manding.

'Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation: 'nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, 'were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is 'borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action,

'and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered 'leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around 'it, though working in inverse order; else how could it *rot*? 'Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the 'litter from which the earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed 'no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as 'windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into 'Infinitude itself.'

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

'All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not 'there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at 'all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some 'Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as 'we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, 'from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not 'of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over 'Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are 'properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven: must 'not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, 'wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of 'our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become 'all-powerful;—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand 'too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal 'such even to the outward eye?

'Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, 'clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, 'if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole 'terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible 'Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a 'light-particle, down from Heaven? Thus is he said also 'to be clothed with a Body.

'Language is called the Garment of Thought: however, 'it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the 'Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this 'Flesh-Garment; and does not she? Metaphors are her 'stuff: examine Language; what, if you except some few 'primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but 'Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised; 'still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless? 'If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures 'in the Flesh-Garment, Language,—then are Metaphors

'its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An 'unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not 'your very *Attention* a *Stretching-to*? The difference lies 'here: some styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself 'seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten 'and dead-looking; while others again glow in the flush 'of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes (as in my 'own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, 'there are sham Metaphors, which overhanging that same 'Thought's-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, 'or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, 'superfluous show-clacks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen 'rags: whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole 'hampers,—and burn them.'

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

'Why multiply instances? It is written, the Heavens 'and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed 'they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever 'sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is 'properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, 'and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of 'CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have 'thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole Eternal 'Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the 'essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget, —the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Custom-house seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of

Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; 'till the Author's View 'of the World (*Weltansicht*), and how he actively and 'passively came by such view, are clear: in short till a 'Biography of him has been philosophico-poetically written, 'and philosophico-poetically read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were 'the speculative scientific Truth even known, you still, in 'this inquiring age, ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, 'and How?—and rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy 'have shaped-out an answer; and either in the authentic 'lineaments of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, 'a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man 'and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. But why,' says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on the 'uses of our Teufelsdröckh's Biography? The great Herr 'Minister von Goethe has penetratingly remarked that '"Man is properly the *only* object that interests man:" 'thus I too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole 'conversation is little or nothing else but Biography or 'Auto-Biography; ever humano-anecdotical (*menschlich 'anekdotisch*). Biography is by nature the most universally 'profitable, universally pleasant of all things: especially 'Biography of distinguished individuals.

'By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed),' continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well-nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you 'are fairly plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-'Philosophy; and looking round, as all readers do, with 'astonishment enough. Such portions and passages as you

'have already mastered, and brought to paper, could not but 'awaken a strange curiosity touching the mind they issued 'from; the perhaps unparalleled psychical mechanism, 'which manufactured such matter, and emitted it to 'the light of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and 'mother; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on 'spoon-meat? Did he ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a 'friend's bosom to his; looks he also wistfully into the 'long burial-aisle of the Past, where only winds, and their 'low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer? Has he fought 'duels;—good Heaven! how did he comport himself when 'in Love? By what singular stair-steps, in short, and sub-'terranean passages, and sloughs of Despair, and steep Pisgah 'hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a 'true Old-Clothes Jewry) where he now dwells?

'To all these natural questions the voice of public History 'is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, 'a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country; more or 'less footsore and travel-soiled; has parted with road-'companions; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad 'cookery, blistered with bugbites; nevertheless, at every 'stage (for they have let him pass), has had the Bill to 'discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, his 'Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he took, 'though all regularly jotted down (in indelible sympathetic-'ink by an invisible interior Penman), are these nowhere 'forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: one other leaf of 'that mighty Volume (of human Memory) left to fly 'abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste 'paper; and to rot, the sport of rainy winds?

'No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise! I here, 'by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, 'send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at 'least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon 'not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight: and so 'the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will 'stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, 'through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal 'New Holland, finally conquer (*einnehmen*) great part of 'this terrestrial Planet!'

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with 'fullest insight,' we find—Six considerable PAPER-BAGS, carefully

sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift*; and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here, speaking in the third person, calls himself, 'the Wanderer,' is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, 'Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine,' or 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy,' we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish.' Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat,' lie washbills, marked *bezahlt* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up

between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us; the former also is not all our own.

Book Second

CHAPTER I

GENESIS

In a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this Planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

'In the village of Entepfuhl,' thus writes he, in the Bag *Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife; childless, in still 'seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old 'age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even 'regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but 'now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and 'pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce 'of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. 'Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties 'came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to 'sell: on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed 'a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours 'that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; and 'how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once with his own 'royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when

'Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word '"*Schweig Hund* (Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-'adjutants could answer. "*Das nenn' ich mir einen* '*König*, There is what I call a King," would Andreas 'exclaim: "but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting 'his eyes."

'Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the 'deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, 'lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as 'Andreas said, "the womankind will not drill (*wer kann die* '*Weiberchen dressiren*):" nevertheless she at heart loved 'him both for valour and wisdom; to her a Prussian 'grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster was 'little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet 'cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not 'Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downright-'ness (*Geradheit*); that understood Büsching's *Geography*, 'had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in 'the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all 'her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him 'as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked 'and sewed and scoured for him; so that not only his old 'regimental sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habita-'tion and environment, where on pegs of honour they hung, 'looked ever trim and gay: a roomy painted Cottage, 'embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and 'honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from amid shaven 'grassplots, flowers struggling-in through the very windows; 'under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools 'in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats 'where, especially on summer nights, a King might have 'wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* '(Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose 'sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had 'made it what you saw.

'Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow 'evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from 'terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and 'radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that a 'Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave 'salutation, stood before the two rather astonished house-'mates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which 'without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom

'what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian 'silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein un-'schätzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfaltigst 'benützt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zin-'sen, wird's einst zuruckgefordert.* "Good Christian people, 'here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed 'thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recom-'pense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be 'required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, 'bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully 'withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in 'expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or 'answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught 'of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, 'in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the 'Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the 'whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and 'twilight, so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have 'fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an 'authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as 'neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to 'carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-'table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with 'lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the 'green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried 'there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt 'Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but, in the softest sleep, a 'little red-coloured Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold 'Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly 'known; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein 'unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; 'other document or indication none whatever.

'To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and 'always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the 'morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such 'figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had 'passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, 'be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of 'gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, 'the grand practical problem was: What to do with this 'little sleeping red-coloured Infant? Amid amazements 'and curiosities, which had to die away without external 'satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charit-

'able prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with 'spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. 'The Heavens smiled on their endeavour: thus has that 'same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for 'himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual 'and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in 'bulk, faculty and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR 'DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is ready to 'profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new 'University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things 'in General.'

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on 'the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. 'Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into 'the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, 'as on spirit's wings, glided out again, might be? An 'inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often 'since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in 'my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full 'of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, 'who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way 'invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there 'to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, 'dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable 'curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the 'crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far 'thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the 'Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and 'outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas, I 'know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than 'once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the 'other noble-looking Stranger; and approached him 'wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too had to repel 'me, he too was not thou.

'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my case 'peculiar? Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom 'thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam 'and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled 'and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and 'Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father

'and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in 'Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never 'behold, but only with the spiritual.'

'The little green veil,' adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, 'I yet keep; still 'more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. 'From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now 'quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On 'the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; 'but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my 'unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. To 'no purpose have I searched through all the Herald's 'Books, in and without the German Empire, and through 'all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-'Rolls, and other Name-catalogues; extraordinary names 'as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except 'as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, 'what may the unchristian rather than Christian "Dio-'genes" mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, 'by such designation, to shadow-forth my future destiny, 'or his own present malign humour? Perhaps the latter, 'perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an 'Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring to be 'hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of 'Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? 'Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed 'by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often 'have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot 'at, and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, hamstrung, 'browbeaten and bedevilled by the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) 'in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee 'was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it 'but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and 'living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same 'Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well 'named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly 'add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

'For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is 'much, nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest 'Garment you wrap round the earth-visiting ME; to 'which it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there 'are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than 'the very skin. And now from without, what mystic

'influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; 'especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul 'is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seedgrain will grow 'to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I 'unfold the influence of Names, which are the most 'important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Tris-'megistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, 'Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right '*Naming*. Adam's first task was giving names to natural 'Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the 'same; be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, 'mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); 'or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-'attributes, Gods?—In a very plain sense the Proverb 'says, *Call one a thief, and he will steal*; in an almost 'similar sense may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes 'Teufelsdröckh, and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*'

'Meanwhile, the incipient Diogenes, like others, all 'ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening 'his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling-out his ten fingers 'and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all 'his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, 'and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened 'Senses, endeavouring daily to acquire for himself some 'knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, 'be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his 'progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform 'the miracle of—Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it 'not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as 'yet all is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic 'elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen; 'and out of vague Sensation grows Thought, grows Fantasy 'and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay 'Poetries and Religions!

'Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such 'diminutive had they in their fondness named him, 'travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick 'yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and 'moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-out 'that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's 'daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant 'Prussian birthland; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing

'widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless 'of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat, and 'throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that 'kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom 'or never cried. He already felt that time was precious; 'that he had other work cut-out for him than whimpering.'

Such after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him; but seems it not conceivable that, by the 'good Gretchen Futteral,' or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious basket-bearing Stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists; and gently force even him to disclose himself; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride?

CHAPTER II

IDYLLIC

'HAPPY season of Childhood!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that 'visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for 'thy Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and 'infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-'round (*umgaukelt*) by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal 'Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a 'Father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and 'an Obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has 'awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean 'by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a

'sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! 'the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay 'and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, 'from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is 'yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, 'what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever 'denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child 'for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, 'and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams 'shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt 'have to say in stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I 'not have all Eternity to rest in?" Celestial Nepenthe! 'though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander 'sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once 'fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the 'heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and 'waking are one: the fair Life-garden rustles infinite 'around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding 'of Hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it 'grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a 'prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can 'find the kernel.'

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered-up from the central *Agora* and *Campus Martius* of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious summer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun, like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster, turned his 'back, with his gold-purple emblazonry, and all his fireclad

'bodyguard (of Prismatic Colours); and the tired brick-'makers of this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and 'those few meek Stars would not tell of them!'

Then we have long details of the *Weinlesen* (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden?' Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports 'of Children, were it only in their wanton breakages and 'defacements, you shall discern a creative instinct (*schaf-'fenden Trieb*): the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, 'that his vocation is to work. The choicest present you 'can make him is a Tool; be it knife or pen-gun, for 'construction or for destruction; either way it is for Work, 'for Change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the 'Boy trains himself to Coöperation, for war or peace, as 'governor or governed: the little Maid again, provident 'of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to Dolls.'

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it: 'My first short-clothes were 'of yellow serge; or rather, I should say, my first short-'cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching 'from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs: of 'which fashion how little could I then divine the architec-'tural, how much less the moral significance!'

More graceful is the following little picture: 'On fine 'evenings I was wont to carry-forth my supper (bread-'crumb boiled in milk), and eat it out-of-doors. On the 'coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by 'climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would 'set-up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed: there, 'many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western 'Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening 'meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's 'expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew Speech for 'me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated 'Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby

he acquired a 'certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature:' but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this: 'Impressive enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, 'in early morning, the Swineherd's horn; and know that 'so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on all sides, 'starting in hot haste to join him, for breakfast on the 'Heath. Or to see them at eventide, all marching-in again, 'with short squeak, almost in military order; and each, 'topographically correct, trotting-off in succession to the 'right or left, through its own lane, to its own dwelling; 'till old Kunz, at the Village-head, now left alone, blew his 'last blast, and retired for the night. We are wont to love 'the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham; yet did not these 'bristly thick-skinned beings here manifest intelligence, 'perhaps humour of character; at any rate, a touching, 'trustful submissiveness to Man,—who, were he but a 'Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and leather breeches 'more resembling slate or discoloured-tin breeches, is still 'the Hierarch of this lower world?'

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserver: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. With which opinion,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'I 'should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, 'by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and climate, 'be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an oak.

'Nevertheless,' continues he, 'I too acknowledge the 'all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby 'we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, 'wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an 'edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of 'all men especially of all philosophers, to note-down with 'accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their Educa-'tion, what furthered, what hindered, what in any way

'modified it: to which duty, nowadays so pressing for many 'a German Autobiographer, I also zealously address myself.' —Thou rogue! Is it by short-clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues: 'If among the ever-streaming currents of 'Sights, Hearings, Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, 'as in a Magic Hall, young Gneschen went about environed, 'I might venture to select and specify, perhaps these follow-'ing were also of the number:

'Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Activity, 'so the young creature's Imagination was stirred up, and a 'Historical tendency given him by the narrative habits 'of Father Andreas; who, with his battle-reminiscences, 'and gray austere yet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not 'but appear another Ulysses and "much-enduring Man." 'Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbours 'enlivened the hearth; from these perils and these travels, 'wild and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of Adven-'ture expanded itself within me. Incalculable also was the 'knowledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men under 'the Linden-tree: the whole of Immensity was yet new to 'me; and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, 'been employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh four-'score years? With amazement I began to discover that 'Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World; 'that there was such a thing as History, as Biography; 'to which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might 'contribute.

'In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-coach), 'which, slow-rolling under its mountains of men and luggage, 'wended through our Village: northwards, truly, in the 'dead of night; yet southwards visibly at eventide. Not 'till my eighth year did I reflect that this Postwagen could 'be other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and setting by 'mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly one; that it came 'on made highways, from far cities towards far cities; 'weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and 'closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller's '*Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant reflec-'tion (so true also in spiritual things): *Any road, this*

'*simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the* '*World!*

'Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far Africa, 'as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, 'corporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly found them- 'selves, with the month of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage 'Lobby? The hospitable Father (for cleanliness' sake) had 'fixed a little bracket plumb under their nest: there they 'built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred; and all, 'I chiefly, from the heart loved them. Bright, nimble 'creatures, who taught *you* the mason-craft; nay, stranger 'still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police? 'For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your House 'fell, have I not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear 'next day; and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, 'long-drawn chirpings, and activity almost superhirundine, 'complete it again before nightfall?

'But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhl 'child's-culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences 'were concentrated and simultaneously poured-down on 'us, was the annual Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all 'the four winds, came the elements of an unspeakable 'hurlyburly. Nutbrown maids and nutbrown men, all 'clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened and beribanded; 'who came for dancing, for treating, and if possible, for 'happiness. Topbooted Graziers from the North; Swiss 'Brokers, Italian Drovers, also topbooted, from the South; 'these with their subalterns in leather jerkins, leather skull- 'caps, and long oxgoads; shouting in half-articulate 'speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellowing. Apart 'stood Potters from far Saxony, with their crockery in fair 'rows; Nürnberg Pedlars, in booths that to me seemed richer 'than Ormuz bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; 'detachments of the *Wiener Schub* (Off-scourings of Vienna) 'vociferously superintending games of chance. Ballad- 'singers brayed, Auctioneers grew hoarse; cheap New Wine '(*heuriger*) flowed like water, still worse confounding the 'confusion; and high over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty 'tumbling, a particoloured Merry-Andrew, like the genius 'of the place and of Life itself.

'Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under the 'deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on by the four golden 'Seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even

'grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-
'matches, its snow-storms and Christmas-carols,—did the
'Child sit and learn. These things were the Alphabet,
'whereby in after-time he was to syllable and partly read
'the grand Volume of the World: what matters it whether
'such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones,
'so you have an eye to read it? For Gneschen, eager to
'learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness
'that gilded all: his existence was a bright, soft element
'of Joy; out of which, as in Prospero's Island, wonder after
'wonder bodied itself forth, to teach by charming.

'Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that
'even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all,
'come down from Heaven into the Earth. Among the
'rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in
'childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a
'thread, and often quite overshone; yet always it reappeared,
'nay, ever waxing broader and broader; till in after-years
'it almost over-shadowed my whole canopy, and threatened
'to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity
'whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind
'heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays
'round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever,
'as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.

'For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship,
'we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged
'gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over the
'workshop, and see others work, till we have understood
'the tools a little, and can handle this and that. If good
'Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity
'together, were the thing wanted, then was my early posi-
'tion favourable beyond the most. In all that respects open-
'ness of Sense, affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity,
'and the fostering of these, what more could I have wished?
'On the other side, however, things went not so well. My
'Active Power (*Thatkraft*) was unfavourably hemmed-in;
'of which misfortune how many traces yet abide with me!
'In an orderly house, where the litter of children's sports
'is hateful enough, your training is too stoical; rather to
'bear and forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much:
'wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce; everywhere
'a strait bond of Obedience inflexibly held me down. Thus

'already Freewill often came in painful collision with 'Necessity; so that my tears flowed, and at seasons the 'Child itself might taste that root of bitterness, wherewith 'the whole fruitage of our life is mingled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond 'measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience 'is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not 'bend must break: too early and too thoroughly we cannot 'be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as 'mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of 'fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis 'of worldly Discretion, nay of Morality itself. Let me not 'quarrel with my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, 'compressively secluded, everyway unscientific: yet in that 'very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie 'the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all 'noble fruit must grow? Above all, how unskilful soever, 'it was loving, it was well-meant, honest; whereby every 'deficiency was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I 'must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether 'invaluable service: she taught me, less indeed by word 'than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her 'own simple version of the Christian Faith. Andreas too 'attended Church; yet more like a parade-duty, for which 'he in the other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I 'trust, he has received; but my Mother, with a true woman's 'heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the 'strictest acceptation Religious. How indestructibly the 'Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy 'entanglements of Evil! The highest whom I knew on 'Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, 'before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in 'infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; 'mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility 'in the mysterious deeps; and Reverence, the divinest in 'man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of 'Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, 'were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in 'Man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-'thirty quarters on the family-coach?'

To which last question we must answer: Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride!

CHAPTER III

PEDAGOGY

HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop, but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract; perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet fore-shadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there); yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity; how, when, to use his own words, 'he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character: nay perhaps in that so well-fostered and every-way excellent 'Passivity' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a No-man; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicacy which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books.

On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he 'cannot remember 'ever to have learned;' so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally: 'Of the insignificant portion of my Educa-'tion, which depended on Schools, there need almost no 'notice be taken. I learned what others learn; and kept 'it stored-by in a corner of my head, seeing as yet no manner 'of use in it. My Schoolmaster, a down-bent, broken-'hearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did 'little for me, except discover that he could do little: he, 'good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned 'professions; and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium, 'and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed 'thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper 'pocket-money I laid-out on stall-literature; which, as it 'accumulated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes. 'By this means was the young head furnished with a con-'siderable miscellany of things and shadows of things: 'History in authentic fragments lay mingled with Fabulous 'chimeras, wherein also was reality; and the whole not as 'dead stuff, but as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive for a 'mind as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following? 'It struck me much, as I sat 'by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched it 'flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had 'flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and 'of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, 'probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; 'even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with diffi-'culty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry,— 'this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, 'was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, 'unseen: here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, 'is a vein or veinlet of the grand World-circulation of 'Waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted

'and lasts simply with the World. Thou fool! Nature 'alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that 'idle crag thou sittest on is six-thousand years of age.' In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes?

Over his Gymnasic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. 'With my first view of the Hinter-'schlag Gymnasium,' writes he, 'my evil days began. 'Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide 'morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father 'Andreas, I entered the main street of the place, and saw 'its steeple-clock (then striking Eight) and *Schuldthurm* '(Jail), and the aproned or disaproned Burghers moving-in 'to breakfast: a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing 'past; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle to its 'tail; thus did the agonised creature, loud-jingling, career 'through the whole length of the Borough, and become 'notable enough. Fit emblem of many a Conquering Hero, 'to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to Sense, as it often 'elsewhere does) has malignantly appended a tin-kettle of 'Ambition, to chase him on; which the faster he runs, 'urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly! 'Fit emblem also of much that awaited myself, in that 'mischievous Den; as in the World, whereof it was a 'portion and epitome!

'Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in 'the distance: I was among strangers, harshly, at best 'indifferently, disposed towards me; the young heart felt, 'for the first time, quite orphaned and alone.' His school-fellows, as is usual, persecuted him: 'They were Boys,' he says, 'mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude 'Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken 'hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged 'brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannise 'over the weak.' He admits, that though 'perhaps in an 'unusual degree morally courageous,' he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it; a result, as would

appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons he was 'incredibly nimble'), than to his 'virtuous principles:' 'if it was disgraceful to be 'beaten,' says he, 'it was only a shade less disgraceful to 'have so much as fought; thus was I drawn two ways at 'once, and in this important element of school-history, the 'war-element, had little but sorrow.' On the whole, that same excellent 'Passivity,' so notable in Teufelsdröckh's childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. 'He wept often; indeed to such a degree that he 'was nicknamed *Der Weinende* (the Tearful), which 'epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not 'quite unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young 'soul bursting-forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a storm-'fulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest quailed, 'assert that he too had Rights of Man, or at least of 'Mankin.' In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass and ignoble shrubs; and forced if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth*?

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were 'mechanically' taught; Hebrew scarce even mechanically; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy; and he himself 'went about, as was of old his wont, among the 'Craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things;' and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged,—his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor has not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shows himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My Teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, with-'out knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of aught 'save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. In-'numerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, for they 'themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and

'called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an 'inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom 'will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürn-'berg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of any-'thing; much more of Mind, which grows, not like a 'vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological 'compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of 'Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living 'Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own 'inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt-out to a 'dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors 'knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: 'that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted-'on through the muscular integument by appliance of 'birch-rods.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the 'Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing; and an 'Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged: till 'communities and individuals discover, not without sur-'prise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by Know-'ledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to 'pieces by Gunpowder; that with Generals and Field-'marshals for killing, there should be world-honoured 'Dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained 'Priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the Soldier 'wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, no-'where, far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make 'show of his instructing-tool: nay, were he to walk abroad 'with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected 'honour, would there not, among the idler class, perhaps a 'certain levity be excited?'

In the third year of this Gymnasic period, Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had 'yawned open; the pale kingdoms of Death, with all their 'innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before 'him; the inexorable word, NEVER! now first showed its 'meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent; 'but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent-up 'in silent desolation. Nevertheless the unworn Spirit is 'strong; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment

'in Death: these stern experiences, planted down by 'Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypress-'forest, sad but beautiful; waving, with not unmelodious 'sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through 'long years of youth:—as in manhood also it does, and will 'do; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-'tree; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever 'close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile arma-'ments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly 'enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still 'smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noise-'less Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and 'never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely 'in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground 'with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet 'THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and 'Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the 'Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, 'cannot thenceforth harm us any more!'

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant); with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler: the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus was I doubly orphaned,' says he; 'bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remem-'brance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, 'could not but produce abundant fruit. Such a dis-'closure, in such a season, struck its roots through my 'whole nature: ever till the years of mature manhood, it 'mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon 'all my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain 'poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, 'it naturally imparted: *I was like no other;* in which 'fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and oftener to 'frightfullest results, may there not lie the first spring 'of tendencies, which in my Life have become remark-'able enough? As in birth, so in action, speculation,

'and social position, my fellows are perhaps not 'numerous.'

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover, Teufelsdröckh has become a University man; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to show himself even more than usually Sibylline: fragments of all sorts; scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimoniums, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket: a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet never or seldom with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting; for 'the 'good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not dis-'interested relatives has sent him hither, must after a time 'withdraw her willing but too feeble hand.' Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an

aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated his antipedagogic spleen; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this: 'The University where I was educated still stands 'vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name 'well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to exist-'ing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is 'my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, 'ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. 'This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly 'as may be, impossible: however, in degrees of wrongness 'there is no limit: nay, I can conceive a worse system 'than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may 'be worse than absolute hunger.

'It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both shall 'fall into the ditch: wherefore, in such circumstances, may 'it not sometimes be safer, if both leader and lead simply '—sit still? Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled-'in a square enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-'chosen Library; and then turned loose into it eleven-'hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they 'listed, from three to seven years: certain persons, under 'the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to 'declare aloud that it was a University, and exact con-'siderable admission-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechani-'cal structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect 'resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, imperfect; for 'if our mechanical structure was quite other, so neither 'was our result altogether the same: unhappily, we were 'not in Crim Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full 'of smoke and sin; moreover, in the middle of a Public, 'which, without far costlier apparatus than that of the 'Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you could not 'be sure of gulling.

'Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are; 'and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards

'anything like a *Statistics of Imposture*, indeed, little as yet 'has been done: with a strange indifference, our Econom- 'ists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches of 'Industry, have altogether overlooked the grand all-over- 'topping Hypocrisy Branch; as if our whole arts of Puffery, 'of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the innumerable 'other crafts and mysteries of that genus, had not ranked 'in Productive Industry at all! Can any one, for example, 'so much as say, What moneys, in Literature and Shoe- 'blacking, are realised by actual Instruction and actual 'jet Polish; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation 'of such; specifying, in distinct items, the distributions, 'circulations, disbursements, incomings of said moneys, 'with the smallest approach to accuracy? But to ask, 'How far, in all the several infinitely-complected depart- 'ments of social business, in government, education, in 'manual, commercial, intellectual fabrication of every 'sort, man's Want is supplied by true Ware; how far 'by the mere Appearance of true Ware:—in other words, 'To what extent, by what methods, with what effects, 'in various times and countries, Deception takes the 'place of wages of Performance: here truly is an Inquiry 'big with results for the future time, but to which hitherto 'only the vaguest answer can be given. If for the present, 'in our Europe, we estimate the ratio of Ware to Appear- 'ance of Ware so high even as at One to a Hundred (which, 'considering the Wages of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, 'or English Game-Preserver, is probably not far from 'the mark),—what almost prodigious saving may there 'not be anticipated, as the *Statistics of Imposture* advances, 'and so the manufacturing of Shams (that of Realities 'rising into clearer and clearer distinction therefrom) 'gradually declines, and at length becomes all but wholly 'unnecessary!

'This for the coming golden ages. What I had to 'remark, for the present brazen one, is, that in several 'provinces, as in Education, Polity, Religion, where so 'much is wanted and indispensable, and so little can as 'yet be furnished, probably Imposture is of sanative, 'anodyne nature, and man's Gullibility not his worst 'blessing. Suppose your sinews of war quite broken; I 'mean your military chest insolvent, forage all but ex- 'hausted; and that the whole army is about to mutiny,

'disband, and cut your and each other's throat,—then 'were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in 'any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagulated water, 'or mere imagination of meat; whereby, till the real 'supply came up, they might be kept together and quiet? 'Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing 'without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this 'his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient Talent of being 'Gulled.

'How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism; nay, 'almost makes mechanism for itself! These Professors in 'the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere 'Reputation, constructed in past times, and then too with 'no great effort, by quite another class of persons. Which 'Reputation, like a strong, brisk-going undershot wheel, 'sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only a little 'annual repainting on their part, to hold long together, 'and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy 'that it was so, for the Millers! They themselves needed 'not to work; their attempts at working, at what they 'called Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me 'with a certain mute admiration.

'Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational Univer- 'sity; in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism; thus 'was the young vacant mind furnished with much talk 'about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and 'the like; so that all were quickly enough blown out into 'a state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the better 'sort had soon to end in sick, impotent Scepticism; the 'worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in finished Self-conceit, and 'to all spiritual intents become dead.—But this too is 'portion of mankind's lot. If our era is the Era of Unbelief, 'why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, 'nay come? As in long-drawn systole and long-drawn 'diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the 'period of Denial; must the vernal growth, the summer 'luxuriance of all Opinions, Spiritual Representations and 'Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal 'decay, the winter dissolution. For man lives in Time, has 'his whole earthly being, endeavour and destiny shaped 'for him by Time: only in the transitory Time-Symbol is 'the ever-motionless Eternity we stand on made manifest. 'And yet, in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the

'nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to have 'been born, and to be awake and work; and for the duller 'a felicity, if, like hibernating animals, safe-lodged in some 'Salamanca University, or Sybaris City, or other super-'stitious or voluptuous Castle of Indolence, they can 'slumber-through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken 'when the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done their work, 'and to our prayers and martyrdoms the new Spring has 'been vouchsafed.'

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubtful. 'The hungry young,' he says, 'looked 'up to their spiritual Nurses; and, for food, were bidden 'eat the east-wind. What vain jargon of controversial 'Metaphysic, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation 'falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, 'better perhaps than the most. Among eleven-hundred 'Christian youths, there will be not wanting some eleven 'eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, 'a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and 'happy accident, I took less to rioting (*renommiren*), than 'to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to 'do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, I succeeded in 'fishing-up more books perhaps than had been known to 'the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a Literary 'Life was hereby laid: I learned, on my own strength, to 'read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost 'all subjects and sciences; farther, as man is ever the 'prime object to man, already it was my favourite employ-'ment to read character in speculation, and from the 'Writing to construe the Writer. A certain ground plan 'of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me; 'wondrous enough, now when I look back on it; for my 'whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was as yet a 'Machine! However, such a conscious, recognised ground-'plan, the truest I had, *was* beginning to be there, and by 'additional experiments might be corrected and indefinitely 'extended.'

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the wild desert does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives

us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt;' his Inquiries concerning Miracles and the Evidences of religious Faith; and how 'in the silent night-watches, still darker 'in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself 'before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried 'vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death and the 'Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, 'did the believing heart surrender; sink into spell-bound 'sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief; and, in this hag-'ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid, 'vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through 'such Purgatory pain,' continues he, 'it is appointed us to 'pass; first must the dead Letter of Religion own itself 'dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of 'Religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on 'us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its 'wings.'

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means,—do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame?

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice: certain established men are aware of his existence; and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes on him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law —whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras-picture of these University years.

'Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with Herr 'Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr Tough-

'gut; a young person of quality (*von Adel*), from the 'interior parts of England. He stood connected, by blood 'and hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in this 'quarter of Germany; to which noble Family I likewise 'was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought near. 'Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated; 'with considerable humour of character: and, bating his 'total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and 'a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impas-'sivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs to 'Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my first practical 'knowledge of the English and their ways; perhaps also 'something of the partiality with which I have ever since 'regarded that singular people. Towgood was not without 'an eye, could he have come at any light. Invited 'doubtless by the presence of the Zähdarm Family, he had 'travelled hither, in the almost frantic hope of perfecting 'his studies; he, whose studies had as yet been those of 'infancy, hither to a University where so much as the 'notion of perfection, not to say the effort after it, no 'longer existed! Often we would condole over the hard 'destiny of the Young in this era: how, after all our toil, 'we were to be turned-out into the world, with beards on 'our chins indeed, but with few other attributes of man-'hood; no existing thing that we were trained to Act on, 'nothing that we could so much as Believe. "How has 'our head on the outside a polished Hat," would Towgood 'exclaim, "and in the inside Vacancy, or a froth of Vocables 'and Attorney-Logic! At a small cost men are educated 'to make leather into shoes; but at a great cost, what 'am I educated to make? By Heaven, Brother! what I 'have already eaten and worn, as I came thus far, would 'endow a considerable Hospital of Incurables."—"Man, 'indeed," I would answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, 'which must be kept working, were it even partly by 'stealth. But as for our Mis-education, make not bad 'worse; waste not the time yet ours, in trampling on 'thistles because they have yielded us no figs. *Frisch 'zu, Bruder!* Here are Books, and we have brains 'to read them; here is a whole Earth and a whole 'Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them: *Frisch 'zu!*"

'Often also our talk was gay; not without brilliancy

'and even fire. We looked-out on Life, with its strange 'scaffolding, where all at once harlequins dance, and men 'are beheaded and quartered: motley, not unterrific was 'the aspect; but we looked on it like brave youths. For 'myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. To-'wards this young warm-hearted, strong-headed and 'wrong-headed Herr Towgood I was even near experiencing 'the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship. Yes, foolish 'Heathen that I was, I felt that, under certain conditions, 'I could have loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, 'and been his brother once and always. By degrees, 'however, I understood the new time, and its wants. If 'man's *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish Language, and 'Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of *Stomach*, what else is the 'true meaning of Spiritual Union but an Eating together? 'Thus we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests; and here 'as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.'

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

CHAPTER IV

GETTING UNDER WAY

'THUS nevertheless,' writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised Somewhat; 'namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary 'Figure (*Zeitbild*), occupying some cubic feet of Space, and 'containing within it Forces both physical and spiritual; 'hopes, passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture, 'in more or less perfection, belonging to that mystery, a 'Man. Capabilities there were in me to give battle, in some 'small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness: does 'not the very Ditcher and Delver, with his spade, extin-'guish many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little 'Order, where he found the opposite? Nay your very 'Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever organises

'something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), which was 'before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes living 'music, though only of the faintest, by humming.

'How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; 'who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thaumaturgic 'art of Thought! Thaumaturgic I name it; for hitherto 'all Miracles have been wrought thereby, and henceforth 'innumerable will be wrought; whereof we, even in these 'days, witness some. Of the Poet's and Prophet's inspired 'Message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I 'shall forbear mention: but cannot the dullest hear Steam-'engines clanking around him? Has he not seen the 'Scottish Brassmith's IDEA (and this but a mechanical 'one) travelling on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two 'Oceans; and stronger than any other Enchanter's Familiar 'on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying: at home, 'not only weaving Cloth; but rapidly enough overturning 'the whole old system of Society; and, for Feudalism and 'Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure 'methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest? 'Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of 'Darkness can have; every time such a one announces 'himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the 'Nether Empire; and new Emissaries are trained, with new 'tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and hand-'cuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the 'Universe, been called. Unhappy, it is, however, that 'though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with 'no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against 'the Time-Prince (*Zeitfürst*), or Devil, and all his 'Dominions, your coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, 'your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye 'on!'

By which last wiredrawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way?' 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each is 'given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environ-'ment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these 'two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest 'problem were ever this first: To find by study of your-'self, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined

'inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, 'our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we 'see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too 'the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his 'course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its 'nature original. And then how seldom will the outward 'Capability fit the inward: though talented wonderfully 'enough, we are poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; 'nay what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a 'whole imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping 'about, to grope which is ours, and often clutch the wrong 'one; in this mad work must several years of our small 'term be spent, till the purblind Youth, by practice, acquire 'notions of distance, and become a seeing Man. Nay, many 'so spend their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, 'ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enter- 'prise, and from side to side: till at length, as exasperated 'striplings of threescore-and-ten, they shift into their last 'enterprise, that of getting buried.

'Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would be 'the general fate; were it not that one thing saves us: 'our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt nature 'of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice be made: 'hence have we, with wise foresight, Indentures and 'Apprenticeships for our irrational young; whereby, in 'due season, the vague universality of a Man shall find 'himself ready-moulded into a specific Craftsman; and so 'thenceforth work, with much or with little waste of 'Capability as it may be; yet not with the worst waste, 'that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since the 'spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain 'other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far later, 'sometimes never,—is it not well that there should be 'what we call Professions, or Bread-studies (*Brodzwecke*), 'preappointed us? Here, circling like the gin-horse, for 'whom partial or total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist 'can travel contentedly round and round, still fancying 'that it is forward and forward; and realise much: for 'himself victual; for the world an additional horse's power 'in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of Economic Society. 'For me too had such a leading-string been provided; only 'that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled me, 'till I broke it off. Then, in the words of Ancient Pistol,

'did the world generally become mine oyster, which I, by 'strength or cunning, was to open, as I would and could. 'Almost had I deceased (*fast wär ich umgekommen*), so 'obstinately did it continue shut.'

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, 'breaks-off his neck-halter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye; but to him they are forbidden pasture: either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way; not indeed into luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest;* must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can desire well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly; and can even boast that the *Examen Rigorosum* need not have frightened him: but though he is hereby 'an *Auscultator* of respectability,' what avails it? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation

very hopeful in itself; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow Auscultators,' he says, 'were Auscultators: they dressed, and digested, and talked 'articulate words; other vitality showed they almost none. 'Small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare withal! 'Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, nor for aught 'human or divine, save only for the faintest scent of coming 'Preferment.' In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? 'Like a very young person, I 'imagined it was with Work alone, and not also with Folly 'and Sin, in myself and others, that I had been appointed 'to struggle.' Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius:' against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. 'As if,' says he, 'the higher did not presuppose the lower; as if he who can fly into heaven, 'could 'not also walk post if he resolved on it! But the world is an 'old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; 'whereby being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust 'nothing but the common copper.'

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished

from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well known,' we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does the young 'Adventurer hitherto suspect in himself any literary gift; 'but at best earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide 'faculty of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that 'I subsisted is clear, for you find me even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money; but, like an independent Hearth-holder, if not House-holder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot; and runs to this effect: 'The (*Inkblot*), tied-down by previous promise, cannot, 'except by best wishes, forward the Herr Teufelsdröckh's 'views on the Assessorship in question; and sees himself 'under the cruel necessity of forbearing, for the present, 'what were otherwise his duty and joy, to assist in open-'ing the career for a man of genius, on whom far higher 'triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original: '*Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau 'Grafinn, auf Donnerstag, zum* ÆSTHETISCHEN THEE *schon-'stens eingeladen.*'

Thus, in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes, epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic Tea*! How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps inexpressive silence, and abstinence: otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chicken-weed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zähdarm House*, she can be no other

than the Countess and mistress of the same ; whose intellectual tendencies, and good-will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain ; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The 'Zähdarms,' says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous garniture 'of Aristocracy ; whereto Literature and Art, attracted and 'attached from without, were to serve as the handsomest 'fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen Frau* (her Ladyship) 'that this latter improvement was due : assiduously she 'gathered, dexterously she fitted-on, what fringing was to 'be had ; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb ; or promising to be such ? 'With his *Excellenz* (the Count),' continues he, 'I have more than once had the honour to converse ; 'chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of the world, which 'he, though now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable 'light ; finding indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism '(*die auszurottende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. 'On some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholeric, I 'found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his 'occupation being that of Owning Land, there might be 'faculties enough, which, as superfluous for such use, were 'little developed in him.'

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Ausculatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The 'Universe,' he says, 'was as a mighty Sphinx-riddle, 'which I knew so little of, yet must rede, or be devoured. 'In red streaks of unspeakable grandeur, yet also in 'the blackness of darkness, was Life, to my too-un-'furnished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange contra-'diction lay in me ; and I as yet knew not the 'solution of it ; knew not that spiritual music can 'spring only from discords set in harmony ; that but

'for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible 'by battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real 'increase of human happiness, could all young men from 'the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered 'otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful 'studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, 'at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at 'least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I 'need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it 'is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to 'mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years; so 'young gentlemen (*Bübchen*) do then attain their maximum 'of detestability. Such gawks (*Gecken*) are they, and 'foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for 'self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; 'in all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's 'endeavour or attainment will, in the smallest, content the 'as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but 'he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of 'him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, 'simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: multiply your 'second and third term together, divide the product by the 'first, and your quotient will be the answer,—which you 'are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not 'yet found-out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there 'is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and 'no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does not there lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It continues ever true,' says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos, or what we call TIME, devours all 'his Children: only by incessant Running, by incessant 'Working, may you (for some threescore-and-ten years) 'escape him; and you too he devours at last. Can any 'Sovereign, or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand 'still; even in thought, shake themselves free of Time? 'Our whole terrestrial being is based on Time, and built of 'Time; it is wholly a Movement, a Time-impulse; Time

'is the author of it, the material of it. Hence also our 'Whole Duty, which is to move, to work,—in the right 'direction. Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual 'movement, whether we will or not; in a continual Waste, 'requiring a continual Repair? Utmost satisfaction of our 'whole outward and inward Wants were but satisfaction 'for a space of Time; thus, whatso we have done, is done, 'and for us annihilated, and ever must we go and do anew. 'O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed and imprisoned 'us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublous dim Time-'Element, that only in lucid moments can so much as 'glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed to us! 'Me, however, as a Son of Time, unhappier than some 'others, was Time threatening to eat quite prematurely; 'for, strive as I might, there was no good Running, so 'obstructed was the path, so gyved were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufelsdröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work,—in the right direction,' and that no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough. As was natural: with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust,

> To eat into itself, for lack
> Of something else to hew and hack!

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity,' as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto,' he says, 'as 'I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, if for any-'thing, for a certain stillness of manner, which, as my 'friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the 'keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, regarded men 'with an excess both of love and of fear. The mystery of 'a Person, indeed, is ever divine to him that has a sense 'for the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed,

'and by half-strangers hated, for my so-called Hardness '(*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards men; and the seem-'ingly ironic tone I had adopted, as my favourite dialect in 'conversation. Alas, the panoply of Sarcasm was but as 'a buckram case, wherein I had striven to envelope myself; 'that so my own poor Person might live safe there, and in 'all friendliness, being no longer exasperated by wounds. 'Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the 'Devil; for which reason I have long since as good as 'renounced it. But how many individuals did I, in those 'days, provoke into some degree of hostility thereby! An 'ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, 'more especially an ironic young man, from whom it is 'least expected, may be viewed as a pest to society. Have 'we not seen persons of weight and name coming forward, 'with gentlest indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, 'as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-high (*balken-'hoch*), and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne 'home on shutters, not without indignation, when he 'proved electric and a torpedo!'

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is 'to unite yourself with some 'one and with somewhat (*sich anzuschliessen*)?' Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not 'uncholeric' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of that worthy 'Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose 'his Epitaph; and not unmindful of my own rules, pro-'duced the following; which however, for an alleged defect 'of Latinity, a defect never yet fully visible to myself, 'still remains unengraven;'—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader:

HIC JACET

PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,

ZAEHDARMI COMES,

EX IMPERII CONCILIO,

VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI

EQUES.

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,

QUINQUIES MILLE PERDICES

PLUMBO CONFECIT:

VARII CIBI

CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,

PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,

HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS

PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM

OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,

FIMETUM ADSPICE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [*sub dato*]; POSTREMUM [*sub dato*].

CHAPTER V

ROMANCE

'For long years,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the poor 'Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully 'toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the 'question once struck him with entire force: For what?— '*Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food 'and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, 'discoverable?—Come of it what might, I resolved to 'try.'

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter North-west Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is majestic-
'ally unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on
'Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on
'Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young
'Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it
'has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often
'said, a Person (*Persönlichkeit*) is ever holy to us; a
'certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with
'all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approxima-
'tion of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attrac-
'tion, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-out
'into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you,
'indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to
'be made one with him; to unite him to us, by gratitude,
'by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite
'ourselves to him? But how much more, in this case of
'the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the higher mystic
'possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth;
'thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth
'that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity,
'which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first
'emphatically denominate Love.

'In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture,
'there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise,

'cheered by some fairest Eve: nor, in the stately vistas,
'and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of
'Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof,
'wanting. Perhaps too the whole is but the lovelier, if
'Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all foot-
'steps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling,
'only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of vir-
'tuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial
'barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not
'shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man,
'by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

'As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded way of life, and
'with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt
'under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling
'towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is,
'altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them;
'to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly.
'As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-
'coloured angel-plumage; or hovering mute and in-
'accessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*: all of air they
'were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, like mysterious
'priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-
'ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven.
'That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one
'of these Gracefuls (*Holden*)—*Ach Gott!* how could he hope
'it; should he not have died under it? There was a
'certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

'Thus was the young man, if all-sceptical of Demons and
'Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, neverthe-
'less not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, who visibly
'and audibly hovered round him wheresoever he went;
'and they had that religious worship in his thought,
'though as yet it was by their mere earthly and trivial
'name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so cir-
'cumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into
'tangibility and reality, should cast any electric glance of
'kind eyes, saying thereby, "Thou too mayest love and
'be loved;" and so kindle him,—good Heaven, what a
'volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were
'probably kindled!'

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner

man of Herr Diogenes: as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by 'a reverberating furnace of Fantasy:' have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving 'the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,' flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt-out; and the young soul relieved with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove à Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'crater of an extinct volcano!'

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love: here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only: for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art, indeed; which

celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Preëstablished Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was 'appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial 'orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of 'our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should 'fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this 'nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, 'make noise enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; highborn, and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved 'Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio* '*ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have paused to 'wonder! Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep

'Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy 'serene solitude; stately, massive, all of granite; glittering 'in the western sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, over-'laid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy 'curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest 'was their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of 'crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its 'shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as 'an Ammon's Temple, in the Libyan Waste; where, for joy 'and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well 'might he pause and gaze; in that glance of his were pro-'phecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis*; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers: if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Embowered 'amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours 'of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company; in 'front, from the wide-opened doors, fair outlook over 'blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, 'undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peaks: so 'bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and 'happy creatures: it was all as if man had stolen a shelter 'from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How 'came it that the Wanderer advanced thither with such 'forecasting heart (*ahndungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host? 'Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom 'ought to be shut; that here, once more, Fate had it in view 'to try him; to mock him, and see whether there were 'Humour in him?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to the party; 'and especially by name to—Blumine! Peculiar among 'all dames and damosels glanced Blumine, there in her 'modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest 'maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet 'scarcely dared to look at, for the presence filled him with 'painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far and wide 'was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her 'caprices: from all which vague colourings of Rumour, 'from the censures no less than from the praises, had our 'friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of 'Hearts, and blooming warm Earth-angel, much more 'enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, 'in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. 'Herself also he had seen in public places; that light yet 'so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a face where 'smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps: but all 'this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, 'almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his; 'how should she ever think of him; O Heaven! how should 'they so much as once meet together? And now that Rose- 'goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of *her* 'eyes has smiled on him; if he speak, she will hear it! Nay, 'who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, 'but Blumine herself might have aforetime noted the so 'unnotable; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had 'from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favour for him? 'Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then; pole and 'pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into 'neighbourhood? Say, rather, heart swelling in presence 'of the Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when once 'near its Moon! With the Wanderer it was even so: as 'in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of 'a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest 'recesses; and all that was painful and that was blissful 'there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and 'a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within 'him.

'Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend 'shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded-up his tremors 'and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of 'Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, 'then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, 'he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into 'fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius '(*Dämon*) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet 'his Destiny. Show thyself now, whispered it, or be forever 'hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes 'transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to

'transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery victory; and 'borne on new-found wings of victory, moves so calmly, even 'because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the 'Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and 'surprise, how in his case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly 'into the stream of conversation; which thenceforth, to 'speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that 'he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain 'inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still 'possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself 'in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one 'sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; 'wherein also Fantasy bodies-forth form after form, radiant 'with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine;' who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistriositäten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, 'the discomfiture was visibly felt as a 'benefit by most: but what were all applauses to the glad 'smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, 'wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured 'to address her, she answered with attention: nay what 'if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice; what 'if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient 'blush!

'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought 'called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, 'when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels 'himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful 'abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle; 'for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers 'of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, 'had melted as into vapour; and the poor claims of *Me* 'and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed 'softly into one another; and Life lay all harmonious, 'many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign 'and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs 'from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time.

'And yet as the light grew more aërial on the mountain-tops, 'and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone 'of sadness may have breathed through the heart; and, in 'whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as 'this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise 'must the Day of Man's Existence decline into dust and 'darkness; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and 'mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

'To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was 'he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came 'over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his 'soul seemed to whisper, It is good for us to be here. At 'parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy 'twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke some-'thing of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he 'pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as 'if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her; and there, by art-magic, in that preter-natural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love 'is not altogether a Delirium,' says he elsewhere; 'yet has 'it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a 'discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made 'Real; which discerning again may be either true or false, 'either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But 'in the former case too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy 'that superadds itself to sight; on the so petty domain of 'the Actual plants its Archimedeslever, whereby to move at 'will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true 'Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man: his senuous life is but 'the small temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-'streaming influences from both these far yet near regions 'meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can 'support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some 'eighteen-pence a day; but for Fantasy planets and solar-'systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering 'the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had 'before.' Alas! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the earth held but one and not several of these!

He says that, in Town, they met again: 'day after day,

'like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. 'Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet in all darkness: 'him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving 'in all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in 'himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity, within his own 'fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres 'enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained 'to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O 'now! "She looks on thee," cried he: "she the fairest, 'noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art 'not despised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's 'blessings be hers!" Thus did soft melodies flow through 'his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intima-'tions that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable 'joys had been provided.

'In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, 'laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic 'speech of Music: such was the element they now lived 'in; in such a many-tinted radiant Aurora and by this 'fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be 'blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled 'to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire 'and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was 'there so much as a fault, a "caprice," he could have dis-'pensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-'Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? 'As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the 'Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, 'unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into 'untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; 'Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The past, then, 'was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of 'Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the 'black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, 'is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His 'whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he 'named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped 'into a Thought.'

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter nor Disen-chantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her 'soft, fervid bosom the Lovely found determination, even

'on hest of Necessity, to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre, hunger-bitten 'philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the 'first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question: What figure, at that period was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shows more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised? Besides, of what profit were it? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself: considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufels-dröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene:

'One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and 'dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she 'seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-'star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the

'Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, 'They were to meet no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. '"Farewell, then, Madam!" said he, not 'without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She 'put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to 'her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; 'their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dewdrops, 'rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last!' Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—'thick curtains of Night rushed over 'his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and 'through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, 'falling, towards the Abyss.'

CHAPTER VI

SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH

We have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom noted; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh precipitated through 'a shivered Universe' in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do: Establish himself in Bedlam; begin writing Satanic poetry; or blow out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being soon

wound-up'; and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling, above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial: but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. 'One highest 'hope, seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, had 'recalled him as out of Death-shadows into celestial Life: 'but a gleam of Tophet passed over the face of his Angel; 'he was rapt away in whirlwinds, and heard the laughter 'of Demons. It was a Calenture,' adds he, 'whereby 'the Youth saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean 'waters: a lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for *he* saw 'it.' But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals: only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly,

is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were 'made like unto a wheel.' Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip: 'A peculiar feeling it is that will rise in 'the Traveller, when turning some hill-range in his desert 'road, he descries lying far below, embosomed among its 'groves and green natural bulwarks, and all diminished to 'a toybox, the fair Town, where so many souls, as it were 'seen and yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. 'Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing finger; 'the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort of Life-breath: 'for always, of its own unity, the soul gives unity to 'whatsoever it looks on with love; thus does the little 'Dwellingplace of men, in itself a congeries of houses and 'huts, become for us an individual, almost a person. But 'what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place 'has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful 'experiences; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still 'stands there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our 'Buried ones there slumber!' Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birthland,—fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepfuhl; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, take only one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither?

Little happier seems to be his next flight: into the wilds of Nature; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy:

'Mountains were not new to him; but rarely are Moun-'tains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here.

'The rocks are of that sort called Primitive by the mineral-
'ogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of a
'rugged, gigantic character; which ruggedness, however, is
'here tempered by a singular airiness of form, and softness
'of environment: in a climate favourable to vegetation,
'the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots-up
'through a garment of foliage or verdure; and white,
'bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster round the everlasting
'granite. In fine vicissitude. Beauty alternates with
'Grandeur: you ride through stony hollows, along strait
'passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by walls of rock;
'now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge
'fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald
'valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a Lake,
'and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as
'if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength.

'To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can the
'Son of Time not pretend: still less if some Spectre
'haunt him from the Past; and the Future is wholly a
'Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing. Reasonably might the
'Wanderer exclaim to himself: Are not the gates of this
'world's Happiness inexorably shut against thee; hast thou
'a hope that is not mad? Nevertheless, one may still
'murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit thee
'better: "Whoso can look on Death will start at no
'shadows."

'From such meditations is the Wanderer's attention
'called outwards; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly,
'intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-worn
'ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horseback.
'Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening
'sunset light; and cannot but pause, and gaze round
'him, some moments there. An upland irregular expanse
'of wold, where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly
'or slowly arranging their descent towards every quarter
'of the sky. The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet,
'and folded together: only the loftier summits look
'down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also
'lie clear and earnest in their solitude. No trace of man
'now visible; unless, indeed, it were he who fashioned
'that little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem,
'scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province.
'But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world

'of Mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain 'region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the 'last light of Day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, 'like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, 'in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge 'first dried! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden 'aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous 'masses with wonder, almost with longing desire; never 'till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that 'she was his Mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow 'was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now 'departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death 'and of Life, stole through his soul; and he felt as if 'Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, 'as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, 'and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

'The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels. 'Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into 'the hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four: 'it was open; servants and postillions wore wedding-'favours: that happy pair, then, had found each other, 'it was their marriage evening! Few moments brought 'them near: *Du Himmel!* It was Herr Towgood and '——Blumine! With slight unrecognising salutation they 'passed me; plunged down amid the neighbouring thickets, 'onwards, to Heaven, and to England; and I, in my 'friend Richter's words, *I remained alone, behind them, with 'the Night.*'

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume* where it stands with quite other intent: 'Some time before Small-pox was extirpated,' says the Professor, 'there came a new malady of the spiritual sort 'on Europe: I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of 'View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with 'Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; but chiefly 'as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor 'for us; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental 'commentary: never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows* 'of *Werter*, was there man found who would say: Come let 'us make a Description Having drunk the liquor, come 'let us eat the glass! Of which endemic the Jenner is 'unhappily still to seek.' Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor's Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God in some European capital, you may next find him a Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet, or Fortunatus' Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements); with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and plashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and plashes, and

trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. 'A nameless Unrest,' says he, 'urged me forward; to which the outward motion was 'some momentary lying solace. Whither should I go? 'My Loadstars were blotted out; in that canopy of grim 'fire shone no star. Yet forward must I; the ground 'burnt under me; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. 'I was alone, alone! Ever too the strong inward longing 'shaped Fantasms for itself: towards these, one after the 'other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had, that 'for my fever-thirst there was and must be somewhere a 'healing Fountain. To many fondly imagined Fountains, 'the Saints' Wells of these days, did I pilgrim; to great 'Men, to great Cities, to great Events: but found there no 'healing. In strange countries, as in the well-known; in 'savage deserts, as in the press of corrupt civilisation, 'it was ever the same: how could your Wanderer escape 'from—*his own Shadow*? Nevertheless still Forward! 'I felt as if in great haste; to do I saw not what. From 'the depths of my own heart, it called to me, "Forwards!" 'The winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded to 'me, Forwards! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for all a Son 'of Time.'

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic

School was still active enough? He says elsewhere: 'The 'Enchiridion of Epictetus I had ever with me, often as my 'sole rational companion; and regret to mention that the 'nourishment it yielded was trifling.' Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh! How could it else? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*, though it were the noblest?

'How I lived?' writes he once: 'Friend, hast thou con-'sidered the "rugged all-nourishing Earth," as Sophocles 'well names her; how she feeds the sparrow on the 'house-top, much more her darling, man? While thou 'stirrest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. My 'breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar woman, 'with water of the Amur, who wiped her earthen kettle 'with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild-eggs in the sand 'of Sahara; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades* and 'Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of breakfast beyond 'elemental liquid. That I had my Living to seek saved 'me from Dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is 'there not an everlasting demand for Intellect, in the 'chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educational, 'commercial departments? In Pagan countries, cannot 'one write Fetishes? Living! Little knowest thou what 'alchemy is in an inventive Soul; how, as with its little 'finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a 'Philosopher); and then, as with both hands, create quite 'other than provision; namely, spectres to torment itself 'withal.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew,—save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by footprints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh*; even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow!' Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown

obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise; your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in an all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he, who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only; and also survive the writing thereof!

CHAPTER VII

THE EVERLASTING NO

Under the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the 'Son of Time,' in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might

desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity;' but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope; he has no 'other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphati-'cally the Place of Hope.' What, then, was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: 'Doubt had darkened into 'Unbelief,' says he; 'shade after shade goes grimly over 'your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean 'black.' To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, 'that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the 'one thing needful; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, 'can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and with-'out it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, 'in the midst of luxury': to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way:

'Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, 'sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside 'of his Universe, and *seeing* it go? Has the word Duty 'no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger 'and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made-up of 'Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and 'from Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed? Happiness of an 'approving Conscience! Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom 'admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was '"the chief of sinners;" and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit '(*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling? Foolish 'Word-monger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill 'hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and 'wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure, '—I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus 'Vinctus of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his 'wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels 'himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. 'What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue 'but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in 'the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I 'know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, 'then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound 'digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull 'unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the 'diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, 'let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our frying-'pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and 'live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his 'Elect!'

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. 'But 'what boots it (*was thut's*)?' cries he: 'it is but the common 'lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority 'prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born 'purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other out-'look. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief;

'their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have 'not been rainproof, crumble down; and men ask 'now: Where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw 'him?'

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. 'One circumstance I 'note,' says he: 'after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, 'which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of 'Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, 'and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. "Truth!" 'I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her: 'no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were 'the price of Apostasy." In conduct it was the same. Had 'a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Hand-'writing on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This 'thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often 'thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into 'the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, 'and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the 'sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, 'was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: 'living without God in the world, of God's light I was not 'utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their un-'speakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in 'my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law 'still stood legible and sacred there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! 'The painfullest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, 'as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. 'And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear 'feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you 'have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed 'indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain 'inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which 'only our Works can render articulate and decisively 'discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit 'first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly 'of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*; till it be trans-

'lated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst* 'work at.

'But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the 'net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to— 'Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when 'there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this 'agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, 'remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain Faculty, a 'certain Worth, such even as the most have not; or art 'thou the completest dullard of these modern times? 'Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how 'could I believe? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, 'when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I 'dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The specula- 'tive Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me: 'neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest 'progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and con- 'temptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a 'threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given 'me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. 'Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, 'divided me from all living: was there, in the wide world, 'any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O 'Heaven, No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: 'why should I speak much with that shifting variety of 'so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain, and too-hungry 'souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such 'cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly 'from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, it was a 'strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women 'around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures; I 'had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they 'were not merely automatic. In the midst of their 'crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary; and '(except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept 'devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some 'comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have 'fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for 'a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic 'Life, were more frightful: but in our age of Down-pulling 'and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you 'cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe 'was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of

'Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-'engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me 'limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, 'and Mill of Death! Why was the Living banished 'thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no 'Devil; nay, unless the Devil is your God?'

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example: 'How beautiful to die of broken-'heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in practice; every 'window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, 'begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can 'enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the fordone 'soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!'

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? 'From Suicide 'a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld 'me: perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for, 'was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? 'Often, however, was there a question present to me: 'Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, 'blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, 'or other No-world, by pistol-shot,—how were it? On 'which ground, too, I have often, in sea-storms and sieged 'cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturba-'bility, which passed falsely enough, for courage.'

'So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, 'so had it 'lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long 'years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly 'dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming 'fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; 'or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited 'Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Sieges-'glanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in Battle's splendour), 'and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, 'that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having 'no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man 'or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, 'could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors,

'but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. 'And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, 'pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I 'knew not what: it seemed as if all things in the Heavens 'above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the 'Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a 'devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be 'devoured.

'Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man 'in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry 'Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the 'dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic 'rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements 'hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless 'my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there 'rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: "What *art* 'thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou 'forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? 'Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that 'lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the 'pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, 'will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; 'canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child 'of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under 'thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; 'I will meet it and defy it!" And as I so thought, there 'rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I 'shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, 'of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from 'that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not 'Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim 'fire-eyed Defiance.

'Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed 'authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my 'ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native 'God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its 'Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction 'in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a 'psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Ever-'lasting No had said: "Behold, thou art fatherless, 'outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);" to 'which my whole Me now made answer: "I am not thine, 'but Free, and forever hate thee!"

'It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual 'Newbirth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly 'thereupon began to be a Man.'

CHAPTER VIII

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE

THOUGH, after this 'Baphometic Fire-baptism' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, 'Indignation and Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quiet hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit;—whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saints' Wells,' and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed 'not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see 'thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; 'to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest 'Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your 'eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of 'Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand years ago; 'and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such 'fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, 'and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and 'the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then 'also put down there; and still miraculously burns and 'spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these 'Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines '(in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, 'looking out from every kind countenance, and every 'hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

'Of Man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are 'aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only: such 'are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they 'rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits 'and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of 'Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of mani-'pulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and 'priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under 'lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable 'vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of 'them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Plough-'men and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain 'and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumu-'lated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing 'SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the 'atmospheric air, on the sun's rays (by Hearing and by 'Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite 'spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are 'the LAWS; where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt 'thou go to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais 'Bourbon: thou findest nothing there but brick or stone 'houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. 'Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised almighty 'GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, 'yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing 'aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous.

'So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we 'do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only 'like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace, air-built, 'does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic 'Deep.

'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I 'reckon-up to the extent of three: Cities, with their 'Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to 'both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may 'belong; and thirdly——Books. In which third truly, 'the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the 'two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true book: 'Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly 'needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a 'spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it 'stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have 'Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty 'human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of 'leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political 'Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic 'Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thauma-'turgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to 'write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener 'there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name 'City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name 'Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror 'and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil: 'thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, 'and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and 'Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of 'the Earth will pilgrim.—Fool! why journeyest thou 'wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the 'stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? 'These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking 'over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three-'thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew 'BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version thereof?'

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram; so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

'Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld strewed with

'shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead 'men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much 'as buried. And those red mould heaps: ay, there lie the 'Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been 'blown; and now are they swept together, and crammed-'down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells!—Did Nature, 'when she bade the Donau bring down his mould-cargoes 'from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread 'them out here into the softest, richest level,—intend thee, 'O Marchfeld, for a corn-bearing Nursery, whereon her 'children might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they 'might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered? 'Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the 'ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then? 'Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-'built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might 'batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? 'König Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's 'truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under 'Napoleon's: within which five centuries, to omit the others, 'how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! 'The greensward is torn-up and trampled-down; man's 'fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant 'dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder; and the kind 'seedfield lies a desolate, hideous place of Sculls.—Never-'theless, Nature is at work; neither shall these Powder-'Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her: but all 'that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into 'manure; and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay 'greener. Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever out of our great 'waste educing some little profit of thy own,—how dost 'thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the 'Living!

'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-'purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for 'example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of 'Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From 'these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, 'there are successively selected, during the French war, 'say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own 'expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not 'without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, 'and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave,

'another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand 'under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much 'weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in 'red; and shipped away, at the public charges some two-'thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and 'fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the 'south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a 'French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at 'length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into 'actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, 'each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word '"Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one 'another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the 'world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and 'anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy 'as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough 'apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a 'Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, 'some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? 'Simpleton! their Governors had fallen-out; and, instead 'of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these 'poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and 'hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what devilry 'soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"—In 'that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final 'Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; 'where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a 'Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and 'smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in: but 'from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, 'and contentious centuries, may still divide us!'

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough: in these so boundless

Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire!

'I have read in most Public Libraries,' says he, 'including 'those of Constantinople and Samarcand: in most Colleges, 'except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied, or seen 'that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have 'I oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, 'by my organ of Hearing; Statistics, Geographics, Topo-'graphics came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. 'The ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and 'protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known 'to me. Like the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the 'terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged 'to myself only.

'Of great Scenes why speak? Three summer days, I 'lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the 'Pine-chasms of Vaucluse; and in that clear Lakelet 'moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees of 'Tadmor; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The 'great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify that it is 'of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows 'only second-rate masonry.—Great Events, also, have not 'I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into 'Berlin-and-Milan Customhouse-Officers; the World well 'won, and the World well lost; oftener than once a hundred-'thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All 'kindreds and peoples and nations dashed together, and 'shifted and shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment 'there, and in time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy, 'wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that 'reached Heaven, could not escape me.

'For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection; 'and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly 'escaped me. Great Men are the inspired (speaking and 'acting) Texts of that divine Book of Revelations, where-'of a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some 'named History; to which inspired Texts your numerous 'talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are 'the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload 'of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. 'For my study, the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did

'not I, in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-'waiter, stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree 'at Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great 'Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not 'forgotten. For——'

——But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurelled, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, and the 'White Water-roses' (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an 'Ideologist.' 'He himself,' says the Professor, 'was among the completest 'Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in the Idea (*in der Idee*) 'he lived, moved and fought. The man was a Divine 'Missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, 'through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La 'carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle 'them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein 'alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, 'as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imper-'fect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately 'perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an 'American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated 'forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not 'entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; 'whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, 'and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a 'light-blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment;'

and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, even in the 'Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite 'cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heav- 'ing Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great 'Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet 'is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; 'yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a 'tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, 'and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude 'also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, 'when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, 'except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immen- 'sity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a 'porch-lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment comes a man, or 'monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; and, 'shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me in Russian 'speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. 'With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to con- 'traband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish 'to be private. In vain: the monster, counting doubtless 'on his superior stature, and minded to make sport for him- 'self, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to 'advance; ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil 'breath; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the 'verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down 'below. What argument will avail? On the thick Hyper- 'borean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. 'Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside 'one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient 'Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, "Be so obliging as 'retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with 'promptitude!" This logic even the Hyperborean under- 'stands: fast enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, 'he sidles off; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal 'purposes, need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that 'it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer 'than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body*

'whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. 'Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David 'resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritual-'ism is all.

'With respect to Duels, I have my own ideas. Few 'things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more 'surprise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with 'insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOM-'ABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,— 'make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; 'whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cunningest 'mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution; and 'off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce on it (*ver-'dammt*), the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo 'von Trimberg: "God must needs laugh outright, could 'such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins here below."'

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion still lurk in him, though repressed; or has he exorcised that Devil's Brood? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

'At length, after so much roasting,' thus writes our Auto-biographer, 'I was what you might name calcined. Pray 'only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, 'reduced to a *caput-mortuum*! But in any case, by mere 'dint of practice, I had grown familiar with many things. 'Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly 'see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in 'this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, 'or Shadow-hunted; and, when I looked through his 'brave garnitures, miserable enough? Thy wishes have all 'been sniffed aside, thought I: but what, had they even

'been all granted! Did not the Boy Alexander weep be-
'cause he had not two Planets to conquer; or a whole
'Solar System; or after that, a whole Universe? *Ach*
'*Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked-
'down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like
'Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of
'man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as
'our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there re-
'mains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and
'Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their
'courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted
'them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry
'little Dog-cage of an Earth; what art thou that sittest
'whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true;
'but who, then, is Something, Somebody? For thee the
'Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art
'wholly as a dissevered limb: so be it; perhaps it is better
'so!'

Too heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh! Yet surely his bands are loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

'This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF IN-
'DIFFERENCE I had now reached; through which whoso
'travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must
'necessarily pass.'

CHAPTER IX

THE EVERLASTING YEA

'TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh:
'Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily
'can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed.
'Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the
'meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than
'Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the
'beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-
'given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously
'written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters, in our
'hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be
'deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct,
'a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given

'mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time per-
'suasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must not
'there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence
'can become the upper?

'To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of
'Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically
'stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or
'vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim
'Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest
'battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he
'yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without
'visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and
'sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and
'baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Un-
'happy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-men,
'in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth,
'all-subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers dubiously
'amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in dark-
'ness, under earthly vapours!—Our Wilderness is the wide
'World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long
'years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also
'comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory,
'yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to per-
'severe therein while life or faculty is left. To me also,
'entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful
'of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wander-
'ings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of
'that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is
'in Heaven only!'

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: 'Has not thy Life
'been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou
'hast known in this generation? An outflush of foolish
'young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are
'as many weeds as valuable herbs: this all parched away,
'under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief,
'as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated
'gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into
'Denial! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the
'perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous cedars,
'which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the
'Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even
'exemplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious revolution:' these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the Wilderness,' before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*,' then, properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds*; and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?*—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture. 'How paint to the sensual eye,' asks he once, 'what passes 'in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, 'known to these profane times, speak even afar-off of the 'unspeakable?' We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: 'The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself 'out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-'deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild 'wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; 'for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed 'to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, 'false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will 'believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of 'Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a 'lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-'weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to 'live is alike to me; alike insignificant.'—And again: 'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; 'cast, doubtless, by benignant upper Influence, into a 'healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, 'and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The 'first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbst-'tödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's 'eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.'

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep;' that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land;' and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, 'musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front 'of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and 'around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely 'of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also 'I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles 'that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with 'their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, 'lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, 'wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her 'children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded-'up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if 'I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine 'Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, 'which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by 'their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost 'all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-'clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read 'the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, 'as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were 'boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar 'rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from 'each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: 'Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not un-'interesting! For you have the whole Borough, with all 'its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and 'contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with 'your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to 'look into the business of the World in its details, here 'perhaps was the place for combining it into general pro-'positions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

'Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in

'anger through the Distance: round some Schreckhorn, as 'yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and 'there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad 'witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the 'clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-'white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fer-'mentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat 'and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature! '—Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee 'God? Art not thou the "Living Garment of God?" O 'Heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks 'through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives 'and loves in me?

'Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that 'Truth, and Beginnings of Truths, fell mysteriously over 'my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in 'Nova Zembla; ah, like the mother's voice to her little 'child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown 'tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my 'too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe 'is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; 'but godlike, and my Father's!

'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow 'man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, 'wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and 'beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou 'bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou 'not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is 'but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I 'shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from 'thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in 'this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no 'longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like 'inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which 'in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with 'her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel 'Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean 'Endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for 'his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. 'Thus was I standing in the porch of that "*Sanctuary of 'Sorrow*;" by strange, steep ways had I too been guided 'thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and 'the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.'

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of 'Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the 'beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would 'pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must 'first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to 'go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression 'of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indis-'pensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes 'out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the 'last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. 'For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century 'to century; he cannot help it though he would. The 'authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not 'yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private 'behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's 'Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is 'because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his 'cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the 'whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confec-'tioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock 'company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot 'accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoeblack 'also has a soul quite other than his Stomach; and would 'require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction 'and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no 'less: *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein 'to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. 'Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: 'speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as 'nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles 'that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with 'half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrel-'ling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares 'himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a 'black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow 'of Ourselves.*

'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. 'By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, 'we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this 'we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible

'right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; 'requires neither thanks nor complaint; only such *overplus* 'as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* 'again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valua- 'tion of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self- 'conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the 'balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a 'Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever 'worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all 'comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same 'deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be 'hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be 'only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a 'hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

'So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life* '*can be increased in value not so much by increasing your* '*Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless 'my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will 'give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; 'thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the 'Wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation '(*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to 'begin."

'I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest 'years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting 'and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: 'is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU '(sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, 'soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! 'What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be 'Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. 'What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, 'but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a 'vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking 'after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because 'carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; 'open thy *Goethe*.'

'*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he else- where: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happi- 'ness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof 'find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same 'HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, 'in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony,

'through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in 'Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and 'Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also 'honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with 'manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become con-'trite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; 'thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of 'them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By 'benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-'seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On 'the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but 'borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; 'love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all 'contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, 'it is well with him.'

And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the 'Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno 'trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures 'thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater 'than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest 'thou that "*Worship of Sorrow*?" The Temple thereof, 'founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, 'overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: 'nevertheless, venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out 'of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and 'its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the general apprehension; nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration;' on Prophecy; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day:' with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,' thus apostrophises the Professor: 'shut thy sweet voice; for 'the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast 'thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or other-'wise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks 'not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, 'were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty

'thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or 'reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all 'needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt 'thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion 'in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our 'Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! 'thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burn-'ing, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, 'and——thyself away.

'Meanwhile, what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or 'is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which 'Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into 'me? To the "*Worship of Sorrow*" ascribe what origin 'and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, 'and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, 'and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief; all 'else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will, let him 'worry and be worried.'

'Neither,' observes he elsewhere, 'shall ye tear-out one 'another's eyes, struggling over "Plenary Inspiration," 'and such-like: try rather to get a little even Partial 'Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, 'of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as 'possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand 'writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, 'in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty.'

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

'To me, in this our life,' says the Professor, 'which is an 'internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare 'seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention 'with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the mean-'ing thereof is. If thou guage it to the bottom, it is simply 'this: "Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share 'of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share: 'which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay I will fight 'thee rather."—Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is 'such a beggarly matter, truly a "feast of shells," for the 'substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench 'one Appetite; and the collective human species clutch-'ing at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: '"Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful

'additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but 'which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: would 'to Heaven I had enough for thee!"—If Fichte's *Wissen-'schaftslehre* be, "to a certain extent, Applied Christianity," 'surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here 'not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely the 'Passivehalf: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is 'worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay pro-'perly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all 'Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid 'vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experi-'ence does it find any centre to revolve round, and so 'fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise 'man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be 'removed except by Action." On which ground, too, let 'him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, 'and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, 'lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of 'invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee*," 'which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty 'will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual 'Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, 'wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and 'inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, 'and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement 'enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your '"America is here or nowhere"? The Situation that 'has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by 'man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, 'despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here 'or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and 'working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thy-'self, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is 'but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: 'what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so 'the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that 'pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest 'bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and 'create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is 'already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only 'see!

'But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the 'beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, 'the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment when 'over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering 'Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the 'greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous 'and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, 'to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is 'hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind 'themselves into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock 'foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault, with 'its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark 'wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-'encompassed World.

'I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, 'but a world, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! 'Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a 'Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost 'thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! What-'soever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. 'Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, 'wherein no man can work.'

CHAPTER X

PAUSE

Thus have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. 'Blame not the word,' says he; 'rejoice 'rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come 'to light in our modern Era, though hidden from the wisest 'Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion; 'instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only some *Choice of 'Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in the Moral 'Development of man: hereby has the Highest come home 'to the bosoms of the most Limited; what to Plato was 'but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now

'clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and 'the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists.'

It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh commences: we are henceforth to see him 'work in well-doing,' with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself: 'Tools? 'Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, or a 'Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created 'animalcules, the Spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, and 'warping-mill, and power-loom within its head: the 'stupidest of Oysters has a Papin's-Digester, with stone-and-'lime house to fold it in: every being that can live can do 'something: this let him *do*.—Tools? Hast thou not a 'Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of 'Light; and three fingers to hold a Pen withal? Never 'since Aaron's Rod went out of practice, or even before it, 'was there such a wonder-working Tool: greater than all 'recorded miracles have been performed by Pens. For 'strangely in this solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that '*Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most 'continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be 'omnipotent in this world; man, thereby divine, can 'create as by a *Fiat*. Awake, arise! Speak forth what is 'in thee; what God has given thee, what the Devil shall 'not take away. Higher task than that of Priesthood was 'allotted to no man: wert thou but the meanest in that 'sacred Hierarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend 'and be spent?

'By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously 'degrade into a handicraft,' adds Teufelsdröckh, 'have I 'thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed 'known as mine (for what am *I*?), have fallen, perhaps not 'altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion; 'fruits of my unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and 'there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my 'Calling; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I 'am minded diligently to persevere.

'Nay, how knowest thou,' cries he, 'but this and the 'other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-renowned 'far-working Institution; like a grain of right mustard-

'seed once cast into the right soil, and now stretching-out 'strong boughs to the four winds, for the birds of the air to 'lodge in,—may have been properly my doing? Some 'one's doing, it without doubt was; from some Idea, in 'some single Head, it did first of all take beginning: why 'not from some Idea in mine?' Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that 'SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-conservirende Gesellschaft*),' of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags? 'An Institution,' hints he, 'not unsuitable to the wants of the time; as indeed 'such sudden extension proves: for already can the Society 'number, among its office-bearers or corresponding 'members, the highest Names, if not the highest Persons, 'in Germany, England, France; and contributions, both of 'money and of meditation, pour in from all quarters; to, 'if possible, enlist the remaining Integrity of the world, 'and, defensively and with forethought, marshal it round 'this Palladium.' Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* ('Owndom-conserving') *Gesellschaft*; and if so, what, in the Devil's name, is it? He again hints: 'At 'a time when the divine Commandment, *Thou shalt not* 'steal, wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the 'whole Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus's 'Constitutions, Justinian's Pandects, the Code Napoléon, 'and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatso-'ever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with 'Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance: at 'a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all-but 'faded away from the general remembrance; and, with 'little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shalt* 'steal, is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved, 'in this universal dotage and deliration, the sound portion 'of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. When the 'widest and wildest violations of that divine right of Pro-'perty, the only divine right now extant or conceivable, 'are sanctioned and recommended by a vicious Press, and 'the world has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no* 'Property in our very Bodies, but only an accidental Posses-'sion and Life-rent, what is the issue to be looked for? 'Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their noose-gins and 'baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller sort of vermin;

'but what, except perhaps some such Universal Association, 'can protect us against whole meat-devouring and man-'devouring hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the 'more sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his privacy, 'from what hand that perhaps not ill-written *Program* in 'the Public Journals, with its high *Prize-Questions* and so 'liberal *Prizes*, could have proceeded,—let him now cease 'such wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake him-'self to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).'

We ask: Has this same 'perhaps not ill-written *Program*,' or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions*; what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing-forth the same! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel

to an English Editor and a German Hofrath ; and not rather deceptively *in*lock both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways of said citadel having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look ?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside as blank, the ink being all-but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following : 'What are your 'historical Facts ; still more your biographical ? Wilt 'thou know a man, above all a Mankind, by stringing-'together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts ? The 'Man is the spirit he worked in ; not what he did, but what 'he became. Facts are engraved Hierograms, for which 'the fewest have the key. And then how your Blockhead '(*Dummkopf*) studies not their Meaning ; but simply whether 'they are well or ill cut, what he calls Moral or Immoral ! 'Still worse is it with your Bungler (*Pfuscher*) : such I have 'seen reading some Rousseau, with pretences of inter-'pretation ; and mistaking the ill-cut Serpent-of-Eternity 'for a common poisonous reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of Eternity in like manner ? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol ? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop ? We say not with certainty ; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our suspicion be wholly founded, let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paper-bags for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became : ' the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche : and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her

now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicious of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain 'pools and plashes,' we have ascertained its general direction; do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream; and even now, at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place: meanwhile be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate: Through many a little loophole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature, the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time;' is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy*: at least the arena it is to work in? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic: amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem

to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for Clothes-Philosophy? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude, and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfullest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes*? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

Book Third

CHAPTER I

INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible: and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus, casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to; the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and show them the mines; nowise to dig-out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be

straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected: this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at:

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern 'History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms, 'still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or 'any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over 'by most Historians, and treated with some degree of 'ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to him-'self a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, 'and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, 'under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe 'is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of 'Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in 'unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their 'souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, 'God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has 'chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, 'amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a 'nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a 'Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired 'Volume, through which, as through a window, it could 'look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of 'a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of 'victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, 'and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as 'the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction 'enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and 'hammering came tones from that far country, came 'Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we 'said, was a man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein 'as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy 'mystery to him.

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers 'and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened 'with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised

'him, as the solution of such doubts, to "drink beer and 'dance with the girls." Blind leaders of the blind! For 'what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what 'were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and their surplices 'and cassock-aprons girt-on; and such a church-repairing, 'and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held 'over that spot of God's Earth,—if Man were but a Patent 'Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand 'Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred 'scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his Bible. Moun-'tains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped 'over that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, and would not lie 'buried there. Through long days and nights of silent 'agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to 'be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed 'tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand 'and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! That 'Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place 'than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—" So bandaged, and 'hampered, and hemmed in," groaned he, "with thousand 'requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can 'neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; 'and Time flies fast, and Heaven is nigh, and Hell is 'deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! 'Why not; what binds me here? Want, want!—Ha, 'of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry 'me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation 'can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: 'the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; 'and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit 'of Leather!"

'Historical Oil-painting,' continues Teufelsdröckh, 'is 'one of the Arts I never practised; therefore shall I not 'decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the 'canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first 'outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more 'into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him 'in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only 'grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo or 'Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture 'George Fox on that morning, when he spreads out his 'cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cowhides by 'unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one

'continuous all-including Case, the farewell service of his 'awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that 'little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and 'World-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, 'as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing 'thee across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds 'her Workhouse and Ragfair, into lands of true Liberty; 'were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free 'Man, and thou art he!

'Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest 'height; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. 'Surely if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, 'Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that 'he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George 'Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes 'himself: for he too stands on the adamantine basis of 'his Manhood, casting aside all props and shoars; yet 'not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth; 'valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and 'food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells 'in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still Strength, 'such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise witness. Great, 'truly, was that Tub; a temple from which man's dignity 'and divinity was scornfully preached abroad: but greater 'is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached 'there, and not in Scorn but in Love.'

George Fox's 'perennial suit' with all that it held, has been worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries: why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship: Teufelsdröckh himself is no Quaker; with all his pacific tendencies, did not we see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Bœotian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that 'Incident' is here brought forward; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testify-

ing against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently,—will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar were reduced to hungry solitudes; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,—be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy: the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world; and so all the old Distinctions be reëstablished?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof?

CHAPTER II

CHURCH-CLOTHES

Not less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire:

'By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised that I mean 'infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices; and do not 'at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that 'men go to Church in. Far from it! Church-Clothes are, 'in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under which 'men have at various periods embodied and represented for 'themselves the Religious Principle; that is to say, invested 'the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically 'active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a 'living and life-giving Word.

'These are unspeakably the most important of all the 'vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are 'first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of 'wonders, SOCIETY; for it is still only when "two or three 'are gathered together," that Religion, spiritually existent, 'and indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first 'outwardly manifests itself (as with "cloven tongues of 'fire"), and seeks to be embodied in a visible Communion 'and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is 'that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heaven-'ward: here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for 'only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, 'not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, 'mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How true is 'that of Novalis: "It is certain, my Belief gains quite '*infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind there-'of!" Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes 'where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where 'rages the lurid conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own 'so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with 'the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till 'it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, 'or of deadly-grappling Hate); and then say what miracu-'lous virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through 'all the thick-plied hulls of our Earthly Life; how much 'more when it is of the Divine Life we speak, and inmost 'ME is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost ME!

'Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first 'spun and woven by Society; outward Religion originates 'by Society, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay, 'perhaps, every conceivable Society, past and present, 'may well be figured as properly and wholly a Church, in 'one or other of these three predicaments: an audibly 'preaching and prophesying Church, which is the best; 'second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy, 'but cannot as yet, till its Pentecost come; and third and 'worst, a Church gone dumb with old age, or which only 'mumbles delirium prior to dissolution. Whoso fancies 'that by Church is here meant Chapterhouses and Cathe-'drals, or by preaching and prophesying, mere speech and 'chanting, let him,' says the oracular Professor, 'read on, 'light of heart (*getrosten Muthes*).

'But with regard to your Church proper, and the Church-

'Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes, I remark, 'fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and sacred 'Tissues Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if 'Government is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body 'Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and 'all your Craft-Guilds, and Associations for Industry, of 'hand or of head, are the Fleshly Clothes, the muscular 'and osseus Tissues (lying *under* such SKIN), whereby 'Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost 'Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and 'warm Circulation to the whole. Without which Pericardial 'Tissue the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, 'or animated only by a Galvanic vitality; the SKIN 'would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw-hide; 'and Society itself a dead carcass,—deserving to be buried. 'Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which latter 'state also could not continue, but must gradually issue 'in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and 'dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to say, the 'very dust and dead body of Society would have evaporated 'and become abolished. Such, and so all-important all-'sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilised or even to 'rational men.

'Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same Church-'Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-at-elbows: nay, far 'worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, 'or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit any 'longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in 'horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask 'still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in ghastly affecta-'tion of Life,—some generation-and-half after Religion has 'quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving 'for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and 'bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Inter-'preter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men, 'so is a Sham-priest (*Schein-priester*) the falsest and basest; 'neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were they Popes' 'Tiaras, will one day be torn from him, to make bandages 'for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn into tinder, 'for general scientific or culinary purposes.

'All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in 'my Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of 'Society*; which volume, as treating practically of the

'Wear, Destruction, and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, or 'Garments, forms, properly speaking, the Transcendental 'or ultimate Portion of this my work *on Clothes*, and is 'already in a state of forwardness.'

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and not his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes!

CHAPTER III

SYMBOLS

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass: nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy 'being the organ of the Godlike;' and how 'Man thereby, 'though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does 'nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the 'Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his Life is properly 'the bodying forth.' Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paper-bags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks:

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing? SILENCE and 'SECRECY! Altars might still be raised to them (were 'this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence 'is the element in which great things fashion themselves 'together, that at length they may emerge, full-formed and 'majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thence-'forth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the 'considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic 'and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they 'were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean 'perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*: 'on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and 'duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen

'within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut 'out! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined 'it, the art of concealing Thought; but of quite stifling 'and suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal. 'Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss 'Inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist 'golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden); or as I might 'rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness: Thought will 'not work except in Silence: neither will Virtue work 'except in Secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what thy 'right hand doeth! Neither shalt thou prate to even thy 'own heart of "those secrets known to all." Is not Shame '(*Schaam*) the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners and 'good morals? Like other plants, Virtue will not grow 'unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. 'Let the sun shine on it; nay do but look at it privily thyself, 'the root withers, and no flower will glad thee. O my 'Friends, when we view the fair clustering flowers that 'overwreathe, for example, the Marriage-bower, and encircle 'man's life with the fragrance and hues of Heaven, what 'hand will not smite the foul plunderer that grubs them 'up by the roots, and with grinning, grunting satisfaction, 'shows us the dung they flourish in! Men speak much of 'the Printing-Press with its Newspapers: *du Himmel!* 'what are these to Clothes and the Tailor's Goose?'

'Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, 'and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous 'agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol there is concealment and 'yet revelation: here therefore, by Silence and by Speech 'acting together, comes a double significance. And if both 'the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how 'expressive will their union be! Thus in many a painted 'Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth 'stands out to us proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

'For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland 'plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes 'incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we 'can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and 'directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; 'the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand 'visible, and, as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, 'accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy,

'made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed 'with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised: the 'Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay if thou wilt 'have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God; is not 'all that he does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the 'mystic god-given force that is in him; a "Gospel of 'freedom," which he, the "Messias of Nature," preaches, 'as he can, by act and word? Not a Hut he builds but is 'the visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible 'record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental 'sense, symbolical as well as real.'

'Man,' says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut-short on the verge of the inane, 'Man is by 'birth somewhat of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owleries 'that ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we consider 'it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Millwrights. 'Fantastic tricks enough man has played, in his time; has 'fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated 'heap of Glass: but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance 'for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this 'his latter era. There stands he, his Universe one huge 'Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against 'each other; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil! 'spectres are appointed to haunt him: one age he is hag-'ridden, bewitched; the next, priestridden, befooled; in 'all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism 'smothers him worse than any Nightmare did; till the Soul 'is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, 'Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see 'nothing but Mechanism; has fear for nothing else, hope in 'nothing else: the world would indeed grind him to pieces; 'but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cun-'ningly compute these, and mechanise them to grind the 'other way?

'Were he not, as has been said, purblinded by enchant-'ment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In 'which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man's 'history, or the history of any man, went-on by calculated 'or calculable "Motives?" What make ye of your 'Christianites, and Chivalries, and Reformations, and 'Marseillaise Hymns, and Reigns of Terror? Nay, has not 'perhaps the Motive-grinder himself been *in Love*? Did

'he never stand so much as a contested Election? Leave 'him to Time, and the medicating virtue of Nature.'

'Yes, Friends,' elsewhere observes the Professor, 'not 'our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one 'is King over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead 'us heavenward; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hell-'ward. Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense, 'but the implement of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks out 'of? Ever in the dullest existence there is a sheen either 'of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy 'choice, which of the two), that gleams-in from the circum-'ambient Eternity, and colours with its own hues our little 'islet of Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, too 'clear thou canst not make it; but Fantasy is thy eye, with 'its colour-giving retina, healthy or diseased. Have not I 'myself known five-hundred living soldiers sabred into 'crows' meat for a piece of glazed cotton, which they call 'their Flag; which, had you sold it at any market-cross, 'would not have brought above three groschen? Did not 'the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous 'moon-stirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph pocketed their 'Iron Crown; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, 'in size and commercial value little differing from a horse-'shoe? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously 'or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being: those 'ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the 'best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. 'For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some 'dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike?

'Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have 'both an extrinsic and intrinsic value; oftenest the former 'only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which 'the Peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their '*Bauernkreig* (Peasants' War)? Or in the Wallet-and-staff 'round which the Netherland *Gueux*, glorying in that nick-'name of Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though 'against King Philip himself? Intrinsic significance these 'had none: only extrinsic; as the accidental Standards of 'multitudes more or less sacredly uniting together; in 'which union itself, as above noted, there is ever something 'mystical and borrowing of the Godlike. Under a like 'category, too, stand, or stood, the stupidest heraldic Coats-'of-arms; military Banners everywhere; and generally all

'national or other sectarian Costumes and Customs: they 'have no intrinsic, necessary divineness, or even worth; 'but have acquired an extrinsic one. Nevertheless, through 'all these there glimmers something of a Divine Idea; as 'though military Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of 'Duty, of heroic Daring; in some instances of Freedom, of 'Right. Nay, the highest ensign that men ever met and 'embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an 'accidental extrinsic one.

'Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has 'intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should unite 'round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense; let 'but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-'Figure (*Zeitbild*)! Then is it fit that men unite there; 'and worship together before such Symbol; and so from 'day to day, and from age to age, superadd to it new 'divineness.

'Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: in them (if 'thou know a Work of Art from a Daub or Artifice) wilt 'thou discern Eternity looking through Time; the Godlike 'rendered visible. Here, too, may an extrinsic value 'gradually superadd itself: thus certain *Iliads*, and the 'like, have, in three-thousand years, attained quite new 'significance. But nobler than all in this kind are the Lives 'of heroic god-inspired Men; for what other Work of Art 'is so divine? In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as 'the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern 'symbolic meaning? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, 'as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows 'thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence 'of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering 'through.

'Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or 'Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise 'a present God, and worship the same: I mean religious 'Symbols. Various enough have been such religious 'Symbols, what we call *Religious*; as men stood in this stage 'of culture or the other, and could worse or better body-'forth the Godlike: some Symbols with a transient intrinsic 'worth; many with only an extrinsic. If thou ask to what 'height man has carried it in this manner, look on our 'divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and 'his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has

'the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity 'and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial, infinite 'character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew 'inquired into, and anew made manifest.

'But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness 'of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces, 'or even desecrates them; and Symbols, like all terrestrial 'Garments, wax old. Homer's Epos has not ceased to be 'true; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the distance 'if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller and smaller, like a 'receding Star. It needs a scientific telescope, it needs to 'be reinterpreted and artificially brought near us, before we 'can so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day 'comes when the Runic Thor, with his Eddas, must withdraw 'into dimness; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo and 'Indian Pawaw be utterly abolished. For all things, even 'Celestial Luminaries, much more atmospheric meteors, 'have their rise, their culmination, their decline.'

'Small is this which thou tellest me, that the Royal 'Sceptre is but a piece of gilt-wood; that the Pyx has 'become a most foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol 'thought, "of little price." A right Conjuror might I name 'thee, couldst thou conjure back into these wooden tools 'the divine virtue they once held.'

'Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst thou plant 'for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of 'man, his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for 'Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial 'faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding, 'what will grow there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff 'of the World will we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker; 'who, Prometheus-like, can shape new Symbols, and bring 'new Fire from Heaven to fix it there. Such too will not 'always be wanting; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, 'as the average of matters goes, we account him Legislator 'and wise who can so much as tell when a Symbol has grown 'old, and gently remove it.

'When, as the last English Coronation * was preparing,' concludes this wonderful Professor, 'I read in their News-'papers that the "Champion of England," he who has to 'offer battle to the Universe for his new King, had brought 'it so far that he could now "mount his horse with little

* That of George IV.

'assistance," I said to myself: Here also we have a Symbol 'well-nigh superannuated. Alas, move whithersoever you 'may, are not the tatters and rags of superannuated worn-'out Symbols (in this Ragfair of a World) dropping off 'everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, to tether you; nay, 'if you shake them not aside, threatening to accumulate, 'and perhaps produce suffocation?'

CHAPTER IV

HELOTAGE

At this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population*; which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*. Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little; but of the marginal notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in their right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus; and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath; something like a fixed-idea; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger; open mouths opening wider and wider; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation: by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him

forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract we find the following indistinctly engrossed :

'Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn 'Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously 'conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to 'me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwith-'standing lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of 'the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged 'face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelli-'gence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but 'the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we 'must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! 'For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs 'and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on 'whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. 'For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to 'be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick 'adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body, 'like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil 'on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou 'toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

'A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him 'who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not 'daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his 'duty ; endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing 'this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, 'be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward 'and his inward endeavour are one : when we can name 'him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired 'Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers 'Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we 'have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him 'in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, 'Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour ; 'all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither 'it listeth.

'Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both 'dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the 'lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the 'highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a 'Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. 'Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou

'wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the 'humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great 'darkness.'

And again: 'It is not because of his toils that I lament 'for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we 'name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman 'finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; 'but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-'laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send 'Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy 'heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-'skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the 'lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, 'or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, 'in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and 'Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body 'stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, 'dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this 'too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth 'never to be unfolded!—That there should one Man die 'ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a 'tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the 'minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable 'fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide 'Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with 'all diligence, imparted to all?'

Quite in an opposite strain is the following: 'The old 'Spartans had a wiser method; and went out and hunted-'down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when 'they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of 'hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-'arms, and standing-armies, how much easier were such a 'hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country, 'some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the 'able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the 'year. Let Governments think of this. The expense 'were trifling: nay the very carcasses would pay it. Have 'them salted and barrelled; could not you victual there-'with, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm 'Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened 'Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep 'alive?'

'And yet,' writes he farther on, 'there must be some-

'thing wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, 'bring from twenty to as high as two-hundred Friedrichs 'd'or: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man 'is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could 'afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go 'and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the 'more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine? Good 'Heavens! A white European Man, standing on his two 'Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, 'and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should 'say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!'

'True, thou Gold-Hofrath,' cries the Professor elsewhere: 'too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this 'inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled 'and delved, till it will grow no more? How thick stands 'your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; 'round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; 'on both slopes of the Altaic chain, in the central Platform 'of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the 'Curragh of Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have 'understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself 'and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and 'Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, 'when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, 'like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses 'of indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now with 'the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine 'and ploughshare? Where are they?—Preserving their 'Game!'

CHAPTER V

THE PHŒNIX

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national,

civil, domestic, and personal war! He says expressly: 'For the last three centuries, above all for the last three 'quarters of a century, that same Pericardial Nervous 'Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-'essence of Society, has been smote-at and perforated, 'needfully and needlessly; till now it is quite rent into 'shreds; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, 'can be regarded as defunct; for those spasmodic, galvanic 'sprawlings are not life; neither indeed will they endure, 'galvanise as you may, beyond two days.'

'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is no 'longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the Idea 'of a common Home, but only of a common over-crowded 'Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regardless of his 'neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what 'he can get, and cries "Mine!" and calls it Peace, because, 'in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, 'but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed? Where 'Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible 'tradition; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a 'smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist? 'Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking: 'and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide; but 'on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: *Laissez 'faire;* Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is 'darker than darkness; eat you your wages, and sleep!

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant eye discern 'everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor perishing, 'like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and 'Overwork; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, 'Satiety, and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at 'length, without honour from the Lowest; scarcely, with 'a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect 'to put it in the bill. Once-sacred Symbols fluttering as 'empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense; a 'World becoming dismantled: in one word, the CHURCH 'fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the STATE 'shrunken into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!'

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' belonging to practical men in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such wonders are visible? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a

'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for example,' says he, 'is the universally-arrogated Virtue, almost the sole re-'maining Catholic Virtue, of these days? For some half 'century, it has been the thing you name "Independence." 'Suspicion of "Servility," or reverence for Superiors, 'the very dogleech is anxious to disavow. Fools! Were 'your Superiors worthy to govern, and you worthy to obey, 'reverence for them were even your only possible freedom. 'Independence, in all kinds, is rebellion; if unjust rebellion, 'why parade it, and everywhere prescribe it?'

But what then? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature? 'The Soul Politic having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can follow but that the Body 'Politic be decently interred, to avoid putrescence? 'Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough I see marching 'with its bier, and chanting loud pæans, towards the 'funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and 'saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable Corpse 'is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that these men, 'Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever they are called, will 'ultimately carry their point, and dissever and destroy 'most existing Institutions of Society, seems a thing which 'has some time ago ceased to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utilitarian 'Armament come to light even in insulated England? A 'living nucleus, that will attract and grow, does at length 'appear there also; and under curious phasis; properly 'as the inconsiderable fag-end, and so far in the rear of the 'others as to fancy itself the van. Our European Mechan-'isers are a sect of boundless diffusion, activity, and 'co-öperative spirit: has not Utilitarianism flourished in 'high places of Thought, here among ourselves, and in 'every European country, at some time or other, within 'the last fifty years? If now in all countries, except 'perhaps England, it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to 'exist, among Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the 'popular mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer 'preaches, so the reason is, it now needs no Preaching, 'but is in full universal Action, the doctrine everywhere 'known, and enthusiastically laid to heart? The fit 'pabulum, in these times, for a certain rugged workshop 'intellect and heart, nowise without their corresponding

'workshop strength and ferocity, it requires but to be 'stated in such scenes to make proselytes enough.— 'Admirably calculated for destroying, not only for rebuild- 'ing! It spreads like a sort of Dog-madness; till the 'whole World-kennel will be rabid: then woe to the 'Huntsmen, with or without their whips! They should 'have given the quadrupeds water,' adds he; 'the water, 'namely, of Knowledge and of Life, while it was yet time.'

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that boundless 'Armament of Mechanisers' and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare! 'The World,' says he, 'as it needs must, is under a process of devastation and 'waste, which, whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or 'open quicker combustion, as the case chances, will effec- 'tually enough annihilate the past Forms of Society; 'replace them with what it may. For the present, it is 'contemplated that when man's whole Spiritual Interests 'are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-off Garments 'shall mostly be burnt; but the sounder Rags among them 'be quilted together into one huge Irish watch-coat for the 'defence of the Body only!'—This, we think, is but Job's-news to the humane reader.

'Nevertheless,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'who can hinder it; 'who is there that can clutch into the wheelspokes of 'Destiny, and say to the Spirit of the Time: Turn back, I 'command thee?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the 'Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this the 'best.'

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same 'Inevitable and Inexorable' heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a 'huge Ragfair,' and the 'rags and tatters of old Symbols' were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those 'unhunted Helots' of his; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis* pressure and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful 'empty Masks,' full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, 'with a ghastly

affectation of life'—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that 'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,' he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modification of rope, should go forth to do her work;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

'Society,' says he, 'is not dead: that Carcass, which you 'call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has 'shuffled-off, to assume a nobler; she herself, through 'perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, 'has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever 'two or three Living Men are gathered together, there is 'Society; or there it will be, with its cunning mechanisms 'and stupendous structures, overspreading this little Globe, 'and reaching upwards to Heaven and downwards to 'Gehenna: for always, under one or the other figure, it has 'two authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil; the 'Pulpit, namely, and the Gallows.'

Indeed, we already heard him speak of 'Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures;'—Teufelsdröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon's, concerning which and whom so much were to be said: '*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a* '*placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous;* The golden 'age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the 'Past, is Before us.'—But listen again:

'When the Phœnix is fanning her funeral pyre, will there 'not be sparks flying! Alas, some millions of men, and 'among them such as a Napoleon, have already been licked 'into that high-eddying Flame, and like moths consumed 'there. Still also have we to fear that incautious beards 'will get singed.

'For the rest, in what year of grace such Phœnix-'cremation will be completed, you need not ask. The law 'of Perseverance is among the deepest in man: by nature 'he hates change; seldom will he quit his old house till it 'has actually fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen

'Solemnities linger at Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle 'Pageants to the extent of three-hundred years and more 'after all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them. 'And then, finally, what time the Phœnix Death-Birth 'itself will require, depends on unseen contingencies.— 'Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Mankind, that after, say 'two centuries of convulsion and conflagration, more or 'less vivid, the fire-creation should be accomplished, and 'we to find ourselves again in a Living Society, and no 'longer fighting but working,—were it not perhaps prudent 'in Mankind to strike the bargain?'

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spice-wood); in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind), but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot in a Christian country.

CHAPTER VI

OLD CLOTHES

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries; like sun-light, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

'Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the 'rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from 'High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights 'of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, 'I discern no spiritual connexion with wealth or birth: 'but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due 'from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your 'Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, 'this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each 'man were then also his neighbour's schoolmaster; till at 'length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no 'more be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with 'botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he 'broke was created in Heaven.

'For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art 'not thou ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? "There 'is but one temple in the world," says Novalis, "and that 'temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this 'high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to 'this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when 'we lay our hands on a human Body."

'On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than 'most do; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed 'to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would 'bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat 'whatever. Is not he a Temple, then; the visible Manifes-'tation and Impersonation of the Divinity? And yet, alas, 'such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a 'Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often 'the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the 'pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the 'Devil, in these times); therefore must we withhold it.

'The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to 'those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no 'devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure 'emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even 'to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men 'do reverence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the '"straddling animal with bandy legs" which it holds, and 'makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord my-'lorded in tattered blanket fastened with wooden skewer? 'Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of 'hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the

'Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! 'Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is the essence of all 'Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. 'That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and 'perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free 'course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo 'Worshippers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God; 'so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal 'fervour, as when it contained the Man: nay, with more, 'for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

'Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John 'Baliol, reign long over Scotland; the man John Baliol 'being quite gone, and only the "Toom Tabard" (Empty 'Gown) remaining? What still dignity dwells in a suit of 'Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honours! No 'haughty looks, no scornful gesture: silent and serene, it 'fronts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid 'to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its 'Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-'speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The 'Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the 'Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now 'at last have a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no evil 'passion, no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells 'not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, 'from the carking cares and foul vices of the World; and 'rides there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus, might 'some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting 'our low Earth.

'Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity 'of Civilised Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, 'and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, 'black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth; and was 'one lone soul amid those grinding millions;—often have 'I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With 'awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, 'with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless 'Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence: 'the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of 'Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomable tumult 'of Good and Evil in "the Prison men call Life." Friends! 'trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are 'not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded

'Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, like some 'Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On 'his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple 'tiara; on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon 'the summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as he 'slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fateful note, 'as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: "Ghosts 'of Life, come to Judgment!" Reck not, ye fluttering 'Ghosts: he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and 'with water; and, one day, new-created, ye shall reappear. 'O, let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go 'out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to 'worship, pace and repace, with austerest thought, the 'pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart 'and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long 'fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' 'Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indict-'ment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, 'that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot 'of Want, Darkness and the Devil,—then is Monmouth 'Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole 'Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its 'wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells 'and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the 'Bedlam of Creation!'

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of 'Devotion:' probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, 'pacing and repacing in austerest thought' that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest whilst others only

gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea,' that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

CHAPTER VII

ORGANIC FILAMENTS

Fór us, who happen to live while the World-Phœnix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries,' there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the serpent 'sheds its own skin, the new is already formed beneath. 'Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phœnix, 'who fanciest that she must first burn-out, and lie as a 'dead cinereous heap; and therefrom the young one start-'up by miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise! In 'that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed 'together; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do 'organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin them-'selves: and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirl-'wind-element come tones of a melodious Deathsong, 'which end not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. 'Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and 'thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then: to poor

individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* 'my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those 'foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: 'what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a 'Steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies 'of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether 'badly or well.

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; 'whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining 'of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have 'I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting 'Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts: "Wert 'thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up within 'the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, 'not for thyself only, but for the world! Post Letters, 'more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against 'thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread: neither from 'within comes there question or response into thy Postbag; 'thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manu-'facture into no purchasing hand: thou art no longer a 'circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, 'circulatest through all Space and all Time: there has a 'Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal World-'tissue, which must be darned-up again!"

'Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal 'Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him 'and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye: 'but the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the 'minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the 'very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, 'and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing: all 'this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not 'a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with 'his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it: will 'not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact 'that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the 'centre of gravity of the Universe.

'If now an existing generation of men stand so woven 'together, not less indissolubly does generation with

'generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, 'Tradition: how we inherit not Life only, but all the 'garniture and form of Life; and work, and speak, and 'even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grand-'fathers, from the beginning, have given it us?—Who 'printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on 'the Philosophy of Clothes? Not the Herren Stillsch-'weigen and Company; but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of 'Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. 'Had there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila, there had been no 'English Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton! it 'was Tubalcain that made thy very Tailor's needle, and 'sewed that court-suit of thine.

'Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible 'whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects 'and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As 'palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual Man-'kind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, 'flow on those main-currents of what we call Opinion; as 'preserved in Institutions, Polities, Churches, above all in 'Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a 'Thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator 'thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole 'Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is 'thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first 'times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the 'Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually em-'braced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there 'is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the 'World itself, and as the History of the World.

'Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of 'this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into 'Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome 'Mankind: Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin 'bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed 'for new advancement. What the Father has made, the 'Son can make and enjoy; but has also work of his own 'appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards; 'Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but 'ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler 'saw; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in 'Newton; he must mount to still higher points of vision. 'So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by

'an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, 'as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou 'findest a like sequence and perseverance: for Luther it 'was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the 'Pope's Bull; Voltaire could not warm himself at the 'glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus 'likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second 'generation, become an English Radical; who, in the 'third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English 'Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest 'it in living movement, in progress faster or slower: the 'Phœnix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling 'Earth with her music; or, as now, she sinks, and with 'spheral swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she 'may soar the higher and sing the clearer.'

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles:

'Remark, not without surprise,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fight-'ing. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies; your 'Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man; your Marshal cavalry Horse-'shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, 'having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now 'daily more and more indubitable, may it not be appre-'hended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, 'and new and higher need to be devised?

'The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity, 'is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning*, means 'Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. 'Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled 'King.'

'Well, also,' says he elsewhere, 'was it written by 'Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries 'in him an authority from God, or man will never give it 'him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my 'own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I 'may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will 'is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. 'Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen 'is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous

provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances and straggling light-beams have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise; at least so we interpret the following: 'Satisfy yourselves,' he says, 'by universal, indubitable 'experiment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether 'FREEDOM, heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so 'vitally essential for us all, cannot peradventure be mechani-'cally hatched and brought to light in that same Ballot-'devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a 'mighty convenience; and beyond all feats of manufacture 'witnessed hitherto.' Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly?—He says, under another figure: 'But after all, were the problem, as indeed 'it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House from the 'top downwards (since you must live in it the while), what 'better, what other, than the Representative Machine will 'serve your turn? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with 'the name of Free, "when you have but knit-up my chains 'into ornamental festoons."'—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this: 'The 'lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely; 'there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot!'

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clear regions. Here, looking round, as was our hest, for 'organic 'filaments,' we ask, may not this, touching 'Hero-worship,' be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

'True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all 'things, only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot 'obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the in-'ferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal 'of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost 'his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in him it 'has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious 'Independence, when it has become inevitable; only in 'loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; 'only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does 'he feel himself exalted.

'Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even 'in this: that man had for ever cast away Fear, which is 'the lower; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, 'which is the higher and highest?

'Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature 'ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot 'but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike 'did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the God-'like showed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there 'a true religious Loyalty for ever rooted in his heart; 'nay in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a more 'or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which fact, that Hero-'worship exists, has existed, and will for ever exist, uni-'versally among Mankind, mayest thou discern the corner-'stone of living-rock, whereon all Polities for the remotest 'time may stand secure.'

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, 'Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire? How the 'aged, withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mocker, and 'millinery Court-poet, yet because even he seemed the 'Wisest, Best, could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, 'so that princes coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest 'of France would have laid their hair beneath his feet!

'All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-worship; though 'their Divinity, moreover, was of feature too apish.

'But if such things,' continues he, 'were done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green? If, in the most 'parched season of Man's History, in the most parched 'spot of Europe, when Parisian life was at best but a 'scientific *Hortus Siccus*, bedizened with some Italian Gum-'flowers, such virtue could come out of it; what is to be 'looked for when Life again waves leafy and bloomy, and 'your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing apelike, but be 'wholly human? Know that there is in man a quite 'indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of Heaven, 'or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the 'dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a 'soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees 'stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.'

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

'There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Pro-'phecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but 'in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A 'Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and 'builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he 'preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for 'man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, and believe? 'Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the 'Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-'backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, 'zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. 'These break in pieces the ancient idols; and, though 'themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont 'to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true 'God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and 'minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the 'new had formed itself beneath it?'

Perhaps also in the following; wherewith we now hasten to knit-up this ravelled sleeve:

'But there is no Religion?' reiterates the Professor. 'Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well-considered all 'that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name 'LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* 'lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay fractions

even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe.

'But thou as yet standest in no Temple; joinest in no Psalm-worship; feelest well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.'

CHAPTER VIII

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; 'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, Time and Space, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely

grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. 'Courage, then!' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

'Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,' thus quietly begins the Professor; 'far deeper perhaps than 'we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: 'What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of 'Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried 'with him an air-pump, and viol of vitriolic ether, might 'have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who un-'happily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, 'and magical "*Open sesame!*" every time I please to pay 'twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, 'or shut Turnpike?

'"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the 'Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this 'new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me 'perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation 'of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper 'Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, 'even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with 'its Material Force.

'Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: 'On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come 'and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, 'truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were 'inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the 'First Century, was full of meaning.

'"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be

'constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is not the 'Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable 'rules?" Probable enough, good friends: nay I, too, 'must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men 'assert to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," 'does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Uni-'verse, which no man whom it so pleases can be prevented 'from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalter-'able rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: 'What those same unalterable rules, forming the com-'plete Statute-book of Nature, may possibly be?

'They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; 'in the accumulated records of Man's Experience?—Was 'Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, 'to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific 'individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the 'Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker 'take them into his counsel; that they read His groundplan 'of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands 'marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in 'anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere 'but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths 'deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without 'bottom as without shore.

'Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that 'certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our 'worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest 'good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in 'detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this 'what thou namest "Mechanism of the Heavens," and '"System of the World;" this, wherein Sirius and the 'Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per 'minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and 'inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked 'in the Zodiacal Way-bill; so that we can now prate of 'their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, 'being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

'System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his 'vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite 'infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits 'itself to some few computed centuries and measured 'square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our 'little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but

'who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what 'infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle 'revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, 'and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may 'have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand 'the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, 'and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the 'condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from 'time to time (*un*miraculously enough), be quite overset 'and reversed? Such a minnow is Man; his Creek this 'Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his 'Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of 'Providence through Æons of Æons.

'We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume 'it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! 'Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet 'thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through 'Solar systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try 'thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in 'the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are 'happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As 'for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive 'bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably 'intertwisted hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous 'combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and 'therefrom put together this and the other economic 'Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more 'than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, 'well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which 'the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, 'the fewest dream.'

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make dotards 'of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is 'the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all 'the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell 'with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and 'workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the 'most, for ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom 'has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do everything 'by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let 'us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply

'such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, 'what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle 'against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the 'sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks 'of Custom: but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her 'knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple 'repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this 'means we live; for man must work as well as wonder: 'and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him 'to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or 'rather we are false foolish nurselings, when, in our resting 'and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am 'I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, be- 'cause I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million 'times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I 'should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for 'whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the 'terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power 'whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money's 'worth realised.

'Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find 'the potency of Names; which indeed are but one kind 'of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witch- 'craft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, 'we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. 'Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon 'us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever, as 'before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, alto- 'gether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, 'through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims 'thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture 'of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within 'the bodily eye, or without it? In every the wisest Soul 'lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic 'Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of 'Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests 'there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery 'Earth-rind.

'But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding 'Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand 'fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and

'TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth 'itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet 'to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, 'or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this 'Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In 'vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip 'them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for 'moments, and look through.

'Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, 'and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By 'this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had 'annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all 'was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the 'Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort 'for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still 'stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another 'Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman 'made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! 'Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; 'but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply 'by wishing that you were Any*where*, straightway to be '*There!* Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by 'wishing that you were Any*when*, straightway to be *Then!* 'This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the 'Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; 'here historically present in the First Century, conversing 'face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in 'the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other 'Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth 'of that late Time!

'Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is 'the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future 'non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of 'thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already 'through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded 'summonest both Past and Future, and communest with 'them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. 'The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-'morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. 'Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. 'Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of 'Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly 'read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but

'creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, 'so is it an everlasting Now.

'And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY? 'O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who 'died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, 'which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles 'we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! 'Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are 'Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only 'the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that 'the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it 'unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; 'for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: 'believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

'That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once 'for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition 'and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, 'just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, 'and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, 'seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank 'as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, to their 'quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with 'thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest 'God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could 'I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou 'seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch 'many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a 'grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles 'of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not 'to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies 'in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I 'have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable 'other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding 'stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

'Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-'magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying 'Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on 'for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of 'Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy,

'and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have 'not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom 'and scantily help himself without one.

'Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or 'Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of 'his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weiss-'nichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to 'dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte 'Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape 'themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar 'houses and noble streets? Was it not the still higher 'Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the 'divine Music of Wïsdom, succeeded in civilising Man? 'Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred 'years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native 'tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being 'of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though 'now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich sym-'phonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and 'divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in 'two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening 'in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music 'of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired 'Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories 'in ever done.

'Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have 'eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover: 'The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy 'of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball 'only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with 'the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from 'the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight 'unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea 'of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair 'Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in 'very deed the star-domed City of God; that through 'every star, through every grass-blade, and most through 'every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. 'But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals 'Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

'Again, could anything be more miraculous than an 'actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all 'his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock

'Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on 'coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's 'eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that 'full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much 'as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as 'actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a 'million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. 'Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; com- 'press the threescore years into three minutes: what else 'was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are 'shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade 'away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, 'it is a simple scientific *fact*: we start out of Nothingness, 'take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the 'veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are 'as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and 'Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of 'beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber '(in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recrimi- 'natings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or 'uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead, '—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still 'Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? 'Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, 'that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, 'remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, 'even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his 'Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all 'other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with 'its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away? '—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the 'Earth openly at noon tide; some half-hundred have 'vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere 'thy watch ticks once.

'O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that 'we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but 'are in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we 'them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning 'Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system 'gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments 'or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. 'That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through 'his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior

'and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing 'more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm 'substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in 'twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's 'sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow 'them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, 'and they are not, their very ashes are not.

'So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the 'end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form 'of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on 'Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in 'each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; 'one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of 'Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of 'Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent 'is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even 'to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some 'wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, 'does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-'drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown 'Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-'host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across 'the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. 'Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in 'our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a 'vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? 'On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-'in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the 'earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense 'knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through 'Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We *are such stuff*
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"'

CHAPTER IX

CIRCUMSPECTIVE

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question: Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them? Long and adventurous has the journey been: from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappages, begin in any measure to reveal itself? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*,—

> 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by;'

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspeare,—

> 'And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
> The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
> And all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wrack behind;'

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phœnix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled

without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou

lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution; nay rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science; nothing even of those 'architectural ideas,' which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called

the Habilatory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

CHAPTER X

THE DANDIACAL BODY

First, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We call him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque*

cano, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care: when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep: for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hullucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat

marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency; our readers shall judge which:

'In these distracted times,' writes he, 'when the 'Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either 'lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing 'and silently working there towards some new Revelation; 'or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied 'soul seeking its terrestrial organisation—into how many 'strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it 'not tentatively and errantly cast itself! The higher 'Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Ex-'ponent; yet does it continue indestructible, unweariedly 'active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep: thus 'Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself 'forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis.

'Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the 'wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, 'offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of 'Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities 'are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that 'country, one of the most notable, and closely connected 'with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies*; concern-'ing which, what little information I have been able to 'procure may fitly stand here.

'It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men 'generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or 'judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enig-'matic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular 'Sect, and not a Religious one; nevertheless, to the 'psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character 'plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the 'class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Poly-'theisms, or to what other class, may in the present state of 'our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain 'touch of Manicheism, not indeed in the Gnostic shape, is 'discernible enough: also (for human Error walks in a 'cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not-inconsiderable 'resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, who 'by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely 'for a length of time into their own navels, came to discern 'therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Un-

'veiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dan-
'diacal Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the
'new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-worship*;
'which Zerdusht, Quangfoutchee, Mohamed, and others
'strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradi-
'cate; and which only in the purer forms of Religion has
'been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses
'to name it revived Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-
'Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

'For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a
'new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what
'force there is in man's nature, though never so enslaved.
'They affect great purity and separatism; distinguish
'themselves by a particular costume (whereof some notices
'were given in the earlier part of this Volume); likewise,
'so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some
'broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French); and, on the
'whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene deportment,
'and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

'They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the
'Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis; and is
'named *Almack's*, a word of uncertain etymology. They
'worship principally by night; and have their High-
'priests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not con-
'tinue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the
'Menadic sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric
'character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books
'wanting to the Sect; these they call *Fashionable Novels*:
'however, the Canon is not completed, and some are
'canonical and others not.

'Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured
'myself some samples; and in hope of true insight, and
'with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, set
'to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose:
'that tough faculty of reading, for which the world will not
'refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled and set
'at naught. In vain that I summoned my whole energies
'(*mich weidlich anstrengte*), and did my very utmost; at
'the end of some short space, I was uniformly seized with
'not so much what I can call a drumming in my ears, as a
'kind of infinite, unsufferable, Jew's-harping and scrannel-
'piping there; to which the frightfullest species of Mag-
'netic Sleep soon supervened. And if I strove to shake

'this away, and absolutely would not yield, there came a 'hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tremens*, and a 'melting it to total deliquium: till at last, by order of the 'Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily 'faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution, 'I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some 'miracle at work here; like those Fire-balls, and supernal 'and infernal prodigies, which, in the case of the Jewish 'Mysteries, have also more than once scared-back the 'Alien? Be this as it may, such failure on my part, after 'best efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch; 'altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could give of 'a Sect too singular to be omitted.

'Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall 'induce me, as a private individual, to open another '*Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a 'hand from the clouds; whereby if not victory, deliverance 'is held out to me. Round one of those Book-packages, 'which the *Stillschweigen'sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit 'of importing from England, come, as is usual, various 'waste printed sheets (*Maculatur-blätter*), by way of interior 'wrappage: into these the Clothes-Philosopher, with a 'certain Mohamedan reverence even for waste-paper, 'where curious knowledge will sometimes hover, disdains 'not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his astonish-'ment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, probably the 'outcast fraction of some English Periodical such as they 'name *Magazine*, appears something like a Dissertation 'on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels*! It sets out, 'indeed, chiefly from a Secular point of view; directing 'itself, not without asperity, against some to me unknown 'individual named *Pelham*, who seems to be a Mystagogue, 'and leading Teacher and Preacher of the Sect; so that, 'what indeed otherwise was not to be expected in such a 'fugitive fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious 'physiognomy and physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is 'nowise laid fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered 'lights do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I have 'endeavoured to profit. Nay, in one passage selected from 'the Prophecies, or Mythic Theogonies, or whatever they 'are (for the style seems very mixed) of this Mystagogue, 'I find what appears to be a Confession of Faith, or Whole 'Duty of Man, according to the tenets of that Sect. Which

'Confession or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from 'a source so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven 'distinct Articles, and in very abridged shape lay before 'the German world; therewith taking leave of this matter. 'Observe also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far 'as may be, quote literally from the Original:

'ARTICLES OF FAITH

"1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about 'them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be care-'fully avoided.

"2. The collar is a very important point: it should be 'low behind, and slightly rolled.

"3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate 'taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

"4. There is safety in a swallow tail.

"5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more 'finely developed than in his rings.

"6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restric-'tions, to wear white waistcoats.

"7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the 'hips."

'All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself 'with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

'In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands 'another British Sect, orginally, as I understand, of 'Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but known also in 'the main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. 'As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, 'it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the 'Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unassisted 'human faculties are inadequate to read. The members 'appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of 'names, according to their various places of establishment: 'in England they are generally called the *Drudge* Sect; 'also, unphilosophically enough, the *White Negroes*; and, 'chiefly in scorn by those of other communions, the '*Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them 'entitled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook of Duds* Sect; any

'individual communicant is named *Stook of Duds* (that is, 'Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional 'Costume. While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their 'grand parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of 'designations, such as *Bogtrotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbonmen*, '*Cottiers*, *Peep-of-Day Boys*, *Babes of the Wood*, *Rockites*, '*Poor-Slaves*: which last, however, seems to be the 'primary and generic name; whereto, probably enough, 'the others are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties; 'or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent stem, 'whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference, it 'were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to under-'stand, what seems indubitable, that the original Sect is 'that of the *Poor-Slaves*; whose doctrines, practices, and 'fundamental characteristics pervade and animate the 'whole Body, howsoever denominated or outwardly diversi-'fied.

'The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood: 'how the Universe, and Man, and Man's Life, picture 'themselves to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave; with 'what feelings and opinions he looks forward on the Future, 'round on the Present, back on the Past, it were extremely 'difficult to specify. Something Monastic there appears 'to be in their Constitution: we find them bound by the 'two Monastic Vows, of Poverty and Obedience; which 'Vows, especially the former, it is said, they observe with 'great strictness; nay, as I have understood it, they are 'pledged, and be it by any solemn Nazarene ordination or 'not, irrevocably consecrated thereto, even *before* birth. 'That the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly en-'forced among them, I find no ground to conjecture.

'Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal 'Sect in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. 'Of which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will 'indeed be found in the present Volume; for this reason, 'that by the imperfect organ of Language it did not seem 'describable. Their raiment consists of innumerable 'skirts, lappets and irregular wings, of all cloths and of 'all colours; through the labyrinthic intricacies of which 'their bodies are introduced by some unknown process. It 'is fastened together by a multiplex combination of buttons, 'thrums and skewers; to which frequently is added a 'girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw rope, round

'the loins. To straw rope, indeed, they seem partial, and 'often wear it by way of sandals. In head-dress they 'affect a certain freedom: hats with partial brim, without 'crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valved crown; 'in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, and 'wear it brim uppermost, like a University-cap, with 'what view is unknown.

'The name Poor-Slaves seems to indicate a Slavonic, 'Polish, or Russian origin: not so, however, the interior 'essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather 'displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might 'fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth: for 'they dig and affectionately work continually in her 'bosom; or else, shut-up in private Oratories, meditate 'and manipulate the substances derived from her; seldom 'looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and then 'with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, on the 'other hand, they live in dark dwellings; often even 'breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and 'stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque 'substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like 'all followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to out-'breakings of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity; and burn 'men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

'In respect of diet, they have also their observances. 'All Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters); a 'few are Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings: other 'animal food they abstain from; except indeed, with 'perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brahminical 'feeling, such animals as die a natural death. Their 'universal sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by 'fire alone; and generally without condiment or relish of 'any kind, save an unknown condiment named *Point*, into 'the meaning of which I have vainly inquired; the victual '*Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, at least not with 'specific accuracy of description, in any European Cookery-'Book whatever. For drink, they use, with an almost 'epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which is the 'mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is the fiercest. This 'latter I have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and 'the Scotch *Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in 'those countries: it evidently contains some form of 'alcohol, in the highest state of concentration, though

'disguised with acrid oils; and is, on the whole, the most 'pungent substance known to me,—indeed, a perfect liquid 'fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, Potheen is said 'to be an indispensable requisite, and largely consumed.

'An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who 'presents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The 'late John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic 'establishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not 'stated expressly, appear to have been of that Faith. 'Thereby shall my German readers now behold an Irish 'Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes; and even 'see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious waste-'paper sheet above mentioned, I have found some corre-'sponding picture of a Dandiacal Household, painted by 'that same Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist: this 'also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world shall 'look into.

'First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears like-'wise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from 'the original:

Poor-Slave Household

'"The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of a large 'iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and 'a Potheen Noggin. There was a Loft above (attainable 'by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept; and the space 'below was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments; the 'one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and 'guests. On entering the house we discovered the family, 'eleven in number, at dinner: the father sitting at the 'top, the mother at the bottom, the children on each side, 'of a large oaken Board, which was scooped-out in the 'middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of their Pot 'of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal distances to 'contain Salt; and a bowl of Milk stood on the table: all 'the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives and dishes 'were dispensed with." The Poor-Slave himself our 'Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed, 'of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. 'His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman; 'and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of 'ravens. Of their Philosophical or Religious tenets or 'observances, no notice or hint.

'But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household; in 'which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and 'inspired Penman himself has his abode:

Dandiacal Household

'"A Dressing-room splendidly furnished; violet-'coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. 'Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a 'table, which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several 'Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand 'upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these 'are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought 'in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left; the 'doors of which, being partly open, discover a profusion 'of Clothes; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise 'the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar 'gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors 'in the background.—Enter the Author," our Theogonist 'in person, "obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in 'white silk Jacket and cambric Apron."

'Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide 'the more unsettled portion of the British People; and 'agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the 'political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the 'elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. 'These two principles of Dandiacal Self-worship, or Demon-'worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, 'or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet 'indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise 'considerable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots and 'subterranean ramifications, they extend through the 'entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the 'secret depths of English national Existence; striving to 'separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncom-'municating masses.

'In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-'Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. 'The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect; 'but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong 'by union; whereas the Drudges, split into parties, have 'as yet no rallying-point; or at best only coöperate by

'means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were 'to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is already a 'Communion of Saints, what strangest effects would follow 'therefrom! Dandyism as yet affects to look-down on 'Drudgism: but perhaps the hour of trial, when it will 'be practically seen which ought to look down, and which 'up, is not so distant.

'To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one 'day part England between them; each recruiting itself 'from the intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist 'on either side. Those Dandiacal Manicheans, with the 'host of Dandyising Christians, will form one body: the 'Drudges, gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be 'he Christian or Infidel Pagan; sweeping-up likewise all 'manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwallopers, 'and so forth, into their general mass, will form another. 'I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless 'boiling Whirlpools that had broken-out on opposite 'quarters of the firm land: as yet they appear only dis-'quieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might 'cover-in; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening: 'they are hollow Cones that boil-up from the infinite 'Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or 'rind! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling-in, 'daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bullers extending; 'till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land 'between them; this too is washed away: and then— 'we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah's Deluge is 'outdeluged!

'Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed 'unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the "Machinery 'of Society"), with batteries of opposite quality; Drudgism 'the Negative, Dandyism the Positive: one attracts 'hourly towards it and appropriates all the Positive Elec-'tricity of the nation (namely, the Money thereof); the 'other is equally busy with the Negative (that is to say 'the Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you see 'only partial transient sparkles and sputters: but wait a 'little, till the entire nation is in an electric state; till 'your whole vital Electricity, no longer healthfully Neutral, 'is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and Negative '(of Money and of Hunger); and stands there bottled-up 'in two World-Batteries! The stirring of a child's finger

'brings the two together; and then—What then? The 'Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that 'Doom's-thunderpeal; the Sun misses one of his Planets 'in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of the 'Moon.—Or better still, I might liken'—

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in everything he was still scenting-out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body*! Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

CHAPTER XI

TAILORS

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of this Volume, to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own ways:

'Upwards of a century,' says he, 'must elapse, and still 'the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is noblest 'perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars 'like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity have his

'victims, and the Michael of Justice his martyrs, before 'Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of man-'hood, and this last wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

'If aught in the history of the world's blindness could 'surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An 'idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-'spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species 'in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. 'Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our 'dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of 'Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual fellest enmity? 'The epithet *schneidermassig* (tailor-like) betokens an 'otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity: we 'introduce a *Tailor's-Melancholy*, more opprobrious than 'any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I 'know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. 'Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a Shoe-'maker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider 'mit dem Panier*? Why of Shakspeare, in his *Taming 'of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on 'record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a 'deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a '"Good morning, gentlemen both!" Did not the same 'virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, whereof 'neither horse nor man could be injured; her Regiment, 'namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the 'falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indis-'putable fact.

'Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physi-'ologist whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not 'at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor 'has bones and viscera, and other muscles than the 'sartorious? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not 'conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for debt? 'Is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

'To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which 'conviction is mine. Nay if the fruit of these long vigils, 'and almost preternatural Inquiries, is not to perish utterly, 'the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; 'and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of 'genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear 'light: that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something 'of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, that

'"he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and the Sceptre 'from Kings:" but which is greater, I would ask, he that 'lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away from 'individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor new-'created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with 'Wool but with dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not 'the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles 'and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness, and dis-'memberment, we are organised into Polities, into nations 'and a whole coöperating Mankind, the creation, as has 'here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone? '—What too are all Poets and moral Teachers, but a 'species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching which high 'Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has triumphantly 'asked us: "Nay if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet 'first made Gods for men; brought them down to us; and 'raised us up to them?"

'And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis 'of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, as 'the ninth part of a man! Look up, thou much-injured 'one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic 'bodings of a noble better time. Too long hast thou sat 'there, on crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn; 'like some sacred Anchorite, or Catholic Fakir, doing 'penance, drawing down Heaven's richest blessings, for a 'world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope! Already streaks 'of blue peer through our clouds; the thick gloom of 'Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will be Day. Mankind 'will repay with interest their long-accumulated debt: the 'Anchorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped; the 'Fraction will become not an Integer only, but a Square 'and Cube. With astonishment the world will recognise that 'the Tailor is its Hierophant and Hierarch, or even its God.

'As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked 'upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and em-'broidering that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly 'for the Caaba of Mecca, I thought within myself: How 'many other Unholies has your covering Art made holy, 'besides this Arabian Whinstone!

'Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of 'a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon 'a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a 'one was "Breeches-Maker to his Majesty;" and stood

'painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and 'between the knees these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD 'ASTRA. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor 'sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards deliverance, 'and prophetically appealing to a better day? A day of 'justice, when the worth of Breeches would be revealed to 'man, and the Scissors become forever venerable.

'Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been 'altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the 'soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring 'influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes: 'the greatest I can ever hope to do; which has already, 'after long retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so 'large a section of my Life; and of which the Primary and 'simpler Portion may here find its conclusion.'

CHAPTER XII

FAREWELL

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him; which having now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms; nay too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise

the sole conquests? Regret is unavoidable; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-prince,' or Devil, to his face; nay perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper: that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his: 'How were Friendship 'possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True: 'otherwise impossible; except as Armed Neutrality, or 'hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever 'praised, is sufficient for himself: yet were ten men, united 'in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand 'singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to 'man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other: 'It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be 'Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and 'the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for 'a season; and two immeasurable Phantoms, HYPOCRISY 'and ATHEISM, with the Gowl, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad 'over the Earth, and call it theirs: well at ease are the 'Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality? Should not these unite; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom!—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it; that no pilgrim could now ask him: Watchman, what of the Night? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle; wherein much is said about the 'Population-Institute;' much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to

have surmised; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph:

'*Ew. Wohlgeboren* will have seen from the public Prints, 'with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude 'Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. 'Might but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to 'return; nay could we but so much as elucidate for our-'selves by what mystery he went away! But, alas, old 'Lieschen experiences or affects the profoundest deafness, 'the profoundest ignorance: in the Wahngasse all lies 'swept, silent, sealed up; the Privy Council itself can 'hitherto elicit no answer.

'It had been remarked that while the agitating news of 'those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, and 'dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was 'not known, at the *Gans* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a 'whole week, any syllable except once these three: *Es geht 'an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. Wohlgeboren* 'knows, was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, 'threatened by a Sedition of the Tailors. Nor did there 'want Evil-wishers, or perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, 'who asserted that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-'Volume was to blame. In this appalling crisis, the 'serenity of our Philosopher was indescribable: nay, 'perhaps through one humble individual, something 'thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so 'contribute to the country's deliverance. The Tailors 'are now entirely pacificated.—

'To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our 'loss: yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out 'of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-'Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither, and 'the whole *Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamenta-'tion and astonishment, our Sage sat mute; and at the end 'of the third evening said merely: "Here also are men who 'have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still 'Man; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you already 'see them make a false application." Since then, as has 'been ascertained by examination of the Post-Director, 'there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between 'the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our Professor himself; 'of what tenor can now only be conjectured. On the fifth 'night following, he was seen for the last time!

'Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the 'hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away 'by certain of their emissaries; or did he go forth volun- 'tarily to their headquarters to confer with them and 'confront them? Reason we have, at least of a negative 'sort, to believe the Lost still living; our widowed heart 'also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. 'Otherwise, indeed, his archives must, one day, be opened 'by Authority, where much, perhaps the *Palingenesie* itself, 'is thought to be reposited.'

Thus far the Hofrath; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an Ignis Fatuus, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh's public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor: nay, perhaps the better part thereof were only beginning? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also! Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought not he to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-*well*! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

SUMMARY

Book I

Chap. I. *Preliminary*

No Philosophy of Clothes yet, notwithstanding all our Science. Strangely forgotten that Man is by nature a *naked* animal. The English mind all-too practically absorbed for any such inquiry. Not so, deep-thinking Germany. Advantage of Speculation having free course. Editor receives from Professor Teufelsdröckh his new Work on Clothes. (p. 11.)

Chap. II. *Editorial Difficulties*

How to make known Teufelsdröckh and his Book to English readers; especially *such* a book? Editor receives from the Hofrath Heuschrecke a letter promising Biographic Documents. Negotiations with Oliver Yorke. *Sartor Resartus* conceived. Editor's assurances and advice to his British reader. (p. 15.)

Chap. III. *Reminiscences*

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APPENDIX

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

I. Highest Class, Bookseller's Taster

Taster to Bookseller.—" The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent ; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge : but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long ; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact ; his wit is frequently heavy ; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation ? "

Bookseller to Editor.—" Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar : I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one ; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to " etc. etc.—*Ms.* (*penes nos*), *London, 17th September* 1831.

II. Critic of the Sun

" *Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the " etc. " *Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call ' a heap of clotted nonsense,' mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by ' Baphometic fire-baptism ' ? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible ? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus* ; which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way : indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning : ' The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom ; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism : the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable ; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated.' Here is a "— . . . . . —*Sun Newspaper, 1st April* 1834.

III. North-American Reviewer

. . . . . " After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Coun-

sellor Heuschrecke ever existed ; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain ; that the ' present Editor ' is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes ; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject ;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief extract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

" Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London ? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country ? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle ; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the ' extensive close-printed close-meditated volume,' which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the ' present Editor ' upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*—' Know-not-where '—at which place the work is supposed to have been printed, and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole ; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*—' Duckpond '—where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh ? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that ' he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers'-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues,' but had nowhere been able to find ' the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person.' We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of

condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke—'Grasshopper'—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a 'fair business transaction.' The same may be said of *Blumine*—'Flower-Goddess'—the heroine of the fable; and so of the rest.

"In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*—the Tailor Patched—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet—to the young men and maidens —*virginibus puerisque*—and calls upon them, by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will—to use the mildest term—not be in very good humour.—If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *super-cherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenour of which we should be disposed to conclude that he would consider any mode of divesting them of

their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

" The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature ; and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character." —*North-American Review, No.* 89, *October* 1835.

IV. New-England Editors

" The Editors have been induced, by the express desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets * in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

" The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom ; and what work of imagination can hope to please all ? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten ; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

" But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said, of the hour—in which we live ; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue."—*Preface to Sartor Resartus : Boston*, 1835, 1837.

Sunt, Fuerunt vel Fuere.

London, 30*th June*, 1838.

* *Fraser's* (London) *Magazine*, 1833-4.

ESSAYS
ON
BURNS AND SCOTT

BURNS

In the modern arrangements of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, "ask for bread and receive a stone;" for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognise. The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary. We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of Nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected: and yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the *sixth* narrative of his *Life* that has been given to the world!

Mr. Lockhart thinks it necessary to apologise for this new attempt on such a subject: but his readers, we believe, will readily acquit him; or, at worst, will censure only the performance of his task, not the choice of it. The character of Burns, indeed, is a theme that cannot easily become either trite or exhausted: and will probably gain rather than lose in its dimensions by the distance to which it is removed by Time. No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain, that to the vulgar eye few things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for men to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see, nay perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings

of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves. Suppose that some dining acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lucy's, and neighbour of John a Combe's, had snatched an hour or two from the preservation of his game, and written us a Life of Shakspeare! What dissertations should we not have had,—not on *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, but on the wool-trade, and deer-stealing, and the libel and vagrant laws; and how the Poacher became a Player; and how Sir Thomas and Mr. John had Christian bowels, and did not push him to extremities! In like manner, we believe, with respect to Burns, that till the companions of his pilgrimage, the Honourable Excise Commissioners, and the Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, and the Dumfries Aristocracy, and all the Squires and Earls, equally with the Ayr Writers, and the New and Old Light Clergy, whom he had to do with, shall have become invisible in the darkness of the Past, or visible only by light borrowed from *his* juxtaposition, it will be difficult to measure him by any true standard, or to estimate what he really was and did, in the eighteenth century, for his country and the world. It will be difficult, we say; but still a fair problem for literary historians; and repeated attempts will give us repeated approximations.

His former Biographers have done something, no doubt, but by no means a great deal, to assist us. Dr. Currie and Mr. Walker, the principal of these writers, have both, we think, mistaken one essentially important thing: their own and the world's true relation to their author, and the style in which it became such men to think and to speak of such a man. Dr. Currie loved the poet truly; more perhaps than he avowed to his readers, or even to himself; yet he everywhere introduces him with a certain patronising, apologetic air; as if the polite public might think it strange and half unwarrantable that he, a man of science, a scholar and gentleman, should do such honour to a rustic. In all this, however, we readily admit that his fault was not want of love, but weakness of faith; and regret that the first and kindest of all our poet's biographers should not have seen farther, or believed more boldly what he saw. Mr. Walker offends more deeply in the same kind: and both err alike in presenting us with a detached catalogue of his several supposed attributes, virtues, and vices, instead of a delineation of the resulting character as a

living unity. This, however, is not painting a portrait; but gauging the length and breadth of the several features, and jotting down their dimensions in arithmetical ciphers. Nay it is not so much as this: for we are yet to learn by what arts or instruments the mind *could* be so measured and gauged.

Mr. Lockhart, we are happy to say, has avoided both these errors. He uniformly treats Burns as the high and remarkable man the public voice has now pronounced him to be: and in delineating him, he has avoided the method of separate generalities, and rather sought for characteristic incidents, habits, actions, sayings; in a word, for aspects which exhibit the whole man, as he looked and lived among his fellows. The book accordingly, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight, we think, into the true character of Burns, than any prior biography: though, being written on the very popular and condensed scheme of an article for *Constable's Miscellany*, it has less depth than we could have wished and expected from a writer of such power; and contains rather more, and more multifarious, quotations, than belong of right to an original production. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart's own writing is generally so good, so clear, direct, and nervous, that we seldom wish to see it making place for another man's. However, the spirit of the work is throughout candid, tolerant, and anxiously conciliating; compliments and praises are liberally distributed, on all hands, to great and small; and, as Mr. Morris Birkbeck observes of the society in the backwoods of America, "the courtesies of polite life are never lost sight of for a moment." But there are better things than these in the volume; and we can safely testify, not only that it is easily and pleasantly read a first time, but may even be without difficulty read again.

Nevertheless, we are far from thinking that the problem of Burns's Biography has yet been adequately solved. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents,—though of these we are still every day receiving some fresh accession,—as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of Biography. Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have

always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many *lives* will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read and forgotten, which are not in this sense *biographies*. But Burns, if we mistake not, is one of these few individuals; and such a study, at least with such a result, he has not yet obtained. Our own contributions to it, we are aware, can be but scanty and feeble; but we offer them with goodwill, and trust they may meet with acceptance from those they are intended for.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the "nine days" have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamour proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had

to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain for ever shut against him? His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments: through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labour, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome drudging childhood and youth was by far the kindliest era of his whole life; and that he died in his thirty-seventh year: and then ask, if it be strange that his poems are imperfect, and of small extent, or that his genius attained no mastery in its arts? Alas, his Sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale Shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapours, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendour, enlightening the world; but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colours,

into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

We are anxious not to exaggerate: for it is exposition rather than admiration that our readers require of us here; and yet to avoid some tendency to that side is no easy matter. We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy; time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathising loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the "Eternal Melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queenlike indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognised it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own life was not given. Destiny,—for

so in our ignorance we must speak,—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom; and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The "Daisy" falls not unheeded under his plough-share; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness on these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true Poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling; what trustful, boundless love; what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him; Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The Peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile; he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue;

pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn;" a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our Peasant show himself among us; "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise-dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

All that remains of Burns, the Writings he has left, seem to us, as we hinted above, no more than a poor mutilated fraction of what was in him; brief, broken glimpses of a genius that could never show itself complete; that wanted all things for completeness: culture, leisure, true effort, nay, even length of life. His poems are, with scarcely any exception, mere occasional effusions; poured forth with little premeditation; expressing, by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humour of the hour. Never in one instance was it permitted him to grapple with any subject with the full collection of his strength, to fuse and mould it in the concentrated fire of his genius. To try by the strict rules of Art such imperfect fragments would be at once unprofitable and unfair. Nevertheless, there is something in these poems, marred and defective as they are, which forbids the most fastidious student of

poetry to pass them by. Some sort of enduring quality they must have: for after fifty years of the wildest vicissitudes in poetic taste, they still continue to be read; nay, are read more and more eagerly, more and more extensively; and this not only by literary virtuosos, and that class upon whom transitory causes operate most strongly, but by all classes, down to the most hard, unlettered, and truly natural class, who read little, and especially no poetry, except because they find pleasure in it. The grounds of so singular and wide a popularity, which extends, in a literal sense, from the palace to the hut, and over all regions where the English tongue is spoken, are well worth inquiring into. After every just deduction, it seems to imply some rare excellence in these works. What is that excellence?

To answer this question will not lead us far. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and laboured amidst that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can; "in homely rustic jingle;" but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's rule, *Si vis me flere*, is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either

case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us ; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank, or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

This may appear a very simple principle, and one which Burns had little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough : but the practical appliance is not easy ; is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false ; a heart too dull to love the one at all risks, and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or as more commonly happens, with both of these deficiencies combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original, which is seldom wanting, and we have Affectation, the bane of literature, as Cant, its elder brother, is of morals. How often does the one and the other front us, in poetry, as in life ! Great poets themselves are not always free of this vice ; nay, it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly ingrafted. A strong effort after excellence will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success ; he who has much to unfold will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron, for instance, was no common man : yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far enough from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us, not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Giaours, we would ask, real men ; we mean, poetically consistent and conceivable men ? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion ; no natural or possible mode of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature ? Surely, all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt, and moody desperation, with so much scowling, and teeth-gnashing, and other sulphurous humour, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy, which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life, which is to last threescore and ten years. To our minds there is a taint of this sort, something which

we should call theatrical, false, affected, in every one of these otherwise so powerful pieces. Perhaps *Don Juan*, especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work, he ever wrote; the only work where he showed himself, in any measure, as he was: and seemed so intent on his subject as, for moments, to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice; we believe heartily detested it: nay, he had declared formal war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to *read its own consciousness without mistakes*, without errors involuntarily or wilful! We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no lustre but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

Here, however, let us say, it is to the Poetry of Burns that we now allude; to those writings which he had time to meditate, and where no special reason existed to warp his critical feeling, or obstruct his endeavour to fulfil it. Certain of his Letters, and other fractions of prose composition, by no means deserve this praise. Here, doubtless, there is not the same natural truth of style; but on the contrary, something not only stiff, but strained and twisted; a certain high-flown inflated tone; the stilting emphasis of which contrasts ill with the firmness and rugged simplicity of even his poorest verses. Thus no man, it would appear, is altogether unaffected. Does not Shakspeare himself sometimes premeditate the sheerest bombast! But even with regard to these Letters of Burns, it is but fair to state that he had two excuses. The first was his comparative deficiency in language. Burns, though for most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose, as he is of Scottish verse; not master of it, we mean, in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter. These Letters strike us as the effort of a man to express something which he has no organ fit for expressing. But a second and weightier excuse is to be found in the peculiarity of Burns's social rank. His

correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained; whom therefore he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. At all events, we should remember that these faults, even in his Letters, are not the rule, but the exception. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful. His letters to Mrs. Dunlop are uniformly excellent.

But we return to his Poetry. In addition to its Sincerity, it has another peculiar merit, which indeed is but a mode, or perhaps a means, of the foregoing: this displays itself in his choice of subjects; or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is for ever seeking in external circumstances the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar and near at hand he discerns no form or comeliness: home is not poetical, but prosaic; it is in some past, distant, conventional, heroic world, that poetry resides; were he there and not here, were he thus and not so, it would be well with him. Hence our innumerable host of rose-coloured Novels and iron-mailed Epics, with their locality not on the Earth, but somewhere nearer to the Moon. Hence our Virgins of the Sun, and our Knights of the Cross, malicious Saracens in turbans, and copper-coloured Chiefs in wampum, and so many other truculent figures from the heroic times or the heroic climates, who on all hands swarm in our poetry. Peace be with them! But yet, as a great moralist proposed preaching to the men of this century, so would we fain preach to the poets, "a sermon on the duty of staying at home." Let them be sure that heroic ages and heroic climates can do little for them. That form of life has attraction for us, less because it is better or nobler than our own, than simply because it is different; and even this attraction must be of the most transient sort. For will not our own age, one day, be an ancient one; and have as quaint a costume as the rest; not contrasted with the rest therefore, but ranked along with them, in respect of quaintness? Does Homer interest us now, because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born; or because he wrote of

what passed in God's world, and in the heart of man, which is the same after thirty centuries? Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their vision deeper than that of other men,—they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subjects; is it not so,—they have nothing to hope, but an ephemeral favour, even from the highest.

The poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject: the elements of his art are in him, and around him on every hand; for him the Ideal world is not remote from the Actual, but under it and within it: nay, he is a poet, precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavours; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a Tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's, and a bed of heath? And are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be Comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his Farce? Man's life and nature is, as it was, and as it will ever be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things, and a heart to understand them: for they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *vates*, a seer; a gift of vision has been given him. Has life no meanings for him, which another cannot equally decipher; then he is no poet, and Delphi itself will not make him one.

In this respect, Burns, though not perhaps absolutely a great poet, better manifests his capability, better proves the truth of his genius, than if he had by his own strength kept the whole Minerva Press going, to the end of his literary course. He shows himself at least a poet of Nature's own making; and Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets. We often hear of this and the other external condition being requisite for the existence of a poet. Sometimes it is a certain sort of training; he must have studied certain things, studied, for instance, "the elder dramatists," and so learned a poetic language; as if poetry lay in the tongue, not in the heart. At other

times we are told he must be bred in a certain rank, and must be on a confidential footing with the higher classes; because, above all things, he must see the world. As to seeing the world, we apprehend this will cause him little difficulty, if he have but eyesight to see it with. Without eyesight, indeed, the task might be hard. The blind or the purblind man "travels from Dan to Beersheba, and finds it all barren." But happily every poet is born *in* the world; and sees it, with or against his will, every day and every hour he lives. The mysterious workmanship of man's heart, the true light and the inscrutable darkness of man's destiny, reveal themselves not only in capital cities and crowded saloons, but in every hut and hamlet where men have their abode. Nay, do not the elements of all human virtues and all human vices; the passions at once of a Borgia and of a Luther, lie written in stronger or fainter lines, in the consciousness of every individual bosom, that has practised honest self-examination? Truly, this same world may be seen in Mossgiel and Tarbolton, if we look well, as clearly as it ever came to light in Crockford's, or the Tuileries itself.

But sometimes still harder requisitions are laid on the poor aspirant to poetry; for it is hinted that he should have *been born* two centuries ago; inasmuch as poetry, about that date, vanished from the earth, and became no longer attainable by men! Such cobweb speculations have, now and then, overhung the field of literature; but they obstruct not the growth of any plant there: the Shakspeare or the Burns, unconsciously and merely as he walks onward, silently brushes them away. Is not every genius an impossibility till he appear? Why do we call him new and original, if *we* saw where his marble was lying, and what fabric he could rear from it? It is not the material but the workman that is wanting. It is not the dark *place* that hinders, but the dim *eye*. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it; found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the *Wounded Hare* has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our *Halloween* had passed and repassed, in rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus,

till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl: neither was the *Holy Fair* any *Council of Trent* or Roman *Jubilee*; but nevertheless, *Superstition* and *Hypocrisy* and *Fun* having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us, we repeat it, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness: he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a fierce, prompt force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye; full and clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns: the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draughtsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of a Retzsch is not more expressive or exact.

Of this last excellence, the plainest and most comprehensive of all, being indeed the root and foundation of *every* sort of talent, poetical or intellectual, we could produce innumerable instances from the writings of Burns. Take these glimpses of a snow-storm from his *Winter Night* (the italics are ours) :—

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r,
And Phœbus *gies a short-liv'd glowr*
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift :

'Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, *wi' snawy wreeths up-chock'd*
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd
Down headlong hurl.

Are there not "descriptive touches" here? The describer *saw* this thing; the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only. "Poor labour locked in sweet sleep;" the dead stillness of man, unconscious, vanquished, yet not unprotected, while such strife of the material elements rages, and seems to reign supreme in loneliness: this is of the heart as well as of the eye!—Look also at his image of a thaw, and prophesied fall of the *Auld Brig* :—

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's *mossy* fountains *boil,*
Or where the Greenock winds his *moorland* course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and *spotting* thowes,
In mony a torrent down his sna'-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams and mills and brigs a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck down to the Ratton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd *tumbling* sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, Deil nor ye never rise!
And *dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.*

The last line is in itself a Poussin-picture of that Deluge! The welkin has, as it were, bent down with its weight; the "gumlie jaups" and the "pouring skies" are mingled

together; it is a world of rain and ruin. In respect of mere clearness and minute fidelity, the *Farmer's* commendation of his *Auld Mare*, in plough or in cart, may vie with Homer's Smithy of the Cyclops, or yoking of Priam's Chariot. Nor have we forgotten stout *Burn-the-wind* and his brawny customers, inspired by *Scotch Drink*: but it is needless to multiply examples. One other trait of a much finer sort we select from multitudes of such among his *Songs*. It gives, in a single line, to the saddest feeling the saddest environment and local habitation:—

> *The pale Moon is setting beyond the white wave,*
> *And Time is setting wi' me O;*
> Farewell, false friends! false lover, farewell!
> I'll nae mair trouble them nor thee O.

This clearness of sight we have called the foundation of all talent; for, in fact, unless we *see* our object, how shall we know how to place or prize it, in our understanding, our imagination, our affections? Yet it is not in itself, perhaps, a very high excellence; but capable of being united indifferently with the strongest, or with ordinary powers. Homer surpasses all men in this quality: but, strangely enough, at no great distance below him are Richardson and Defoe. It belongs, in truth, to what is called a lively mind; and gives no sure indication of the higher endowments that may exist along with it. In all the three cases we have mentioned, it is combined with great garrulity; their descriptions are detailed, ample and lovingly exact; Homer's fire bursts through, from time to time, as if by accident; but Defoe and Richardson have no fire. Burns, again, is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions. Of the strength, the piercing emphasis with which he thought, his emphasis of expression may give a humble but the readiest proof. Who ever uttered sharper sayings than his; words more memorable, now by their burning vehemence, now by their cool vigour and laconic pith? A single phrase depicts a whole subject, a whole scene. We hear of "a gentleman that derived his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." Our Scottish forefathers in the battle-field struggled forward "*red-wat-shod*:" in this one word, a full vision of horror and carnage, perhaps too frightfully accurate for Art!

In fact, one of the leading features in the mind of Burns is this vigour of his strictly intellectual perceptions. A resolute force is ever visible in his judgments, as in his feelings and volitions. Professor Stewart says of him, with some surprise: "All the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." But this, if we mistake not, is at all times the very essence of a truly poetical endowment. Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul: the imagination, which shudders at the Hell of Dante, is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the Poet speak to men, with power, but by being still more a man than they? Shakspeare, it has been well observed, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an Understanding, were it nothing more, which might have governed states, or indited a *Novum Organum*. What Burns's force of understanding may have been, we have less means of judging: it had to dwell among the humblest objects; never saw Philosophy; never rose, except by natural effort and for short intervals, into the region of great ideas. Nevertheless, sufficient indication, if no proof sufficient, remains for us in his works: we discern the brawny movements of a gigantic though untutored strength; and can understand how, in conversation, his quick, sure insight into men and things may, as much as aught else about him, have amazed the best thinkers of his time and country.

But, unless we mistake, the intellectual gift of Burns is fine as well as strong. The more delicate relations of things could not well have escaped his eye, for they were intimately present to his heart. The logic of the senate

and the forum is indispensable, but not all-sufficient; nay, perhaps the highest Truth is that which will the most certainly elude it. For this logic works by words, and "the highest," it has been said, "cannot be expressed in words." We are not without tokens of an openness for this higher truth also, of a keen though uncultivated sense for it, having existed in Burns. Mr. Stewart, it will be remembered, "wonders," in the passage above quoted, that Burns had formed some distinct conception of the "doctrine of association." We rather think that far subtler things than the doctrine of association had from of old been familiar to him. Here, for instance:—

"We know nothing," thus writes he, "or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or wo beyond death and the grave."

Force and fineness of understanding are often spoken of as something different from general force and fineness of nature, as something partly independent of them. The necessities of language so require it; but in truth these qualities are not distinct and independent: except in special cases, and from special causes, they ever go together. A man of strong understanding is generally a man of strong character; neither is delicacy in the one kind often divided from delicacy in the other. No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the Poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great

virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love towards all Nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. There is a true old saying, that "Love furthers knowledge:" but above all it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing Love, we have spoken already, as of the grand distinction of his nature, seen equally in word and deed, in his Life and in his Writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe, is lovely in his sight: "the hoary hawthorn," the "troop of grey plover," "the solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this Earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that, amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle" and "silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war,
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur,
Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?

The tenant of the mean hut, with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these! This is worth several homilies on Mercy; for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very Devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy:

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might,—I dinna ken,—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!

"*He* is the father of curses and lies," said Dr. Slop; "and is cursed and damned already."—"I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby!—A Poet without Love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

But has it not been said, in contradiction to this principle, that "Indignation makes verses?" It has been so said, and is true enough: but the contradiction is apparent, not real. The Indignation which makes verses is, properly speaking, an inverted Love; the love of some right, some worth, some goodness, belonging to ourselves or others, which has been injured, and which this tempestuous feeling issues forth to defend and avenge. No selfish fury of heart, existing there as a primary feeling, and without its opposite, ever produced much Poetry: otherwise, we suppose, the Tiger were the most musical of all our choristers. Johnson said, he loved a good hater; by which he must have meant, not so much one that hated violently, as one that hated wisely; hated baseness from love of nobleness. However, in spite of Johnson's paradox, tolerable enough for once in speech, but which need not have been so often adopted in print since then, we rather believe that good men deal sparingly in hatred, either wise or unwise: nay, that a "good" hater is still a desideratum in this world. The Devil, at least, who passes for the chief and best of that class, is said to be nowise an amiable character.

Of the verses which Indignation makes, Burns has also given us specimens: and among the best that were ever given. Who will forget his "*Dweller in yon Dungeon dark*;" a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies of Æschylus? The secrets of the infernal Pit are laid bare; a boundless baleful "darkness visible;" and streaks of hell-fire quivering madly in its black haggard bosom!

> Dweller in yon Dungeon dark,
> Hangman of Creation, mark!
> Who in widow's weeds appears,
> Laden with unhonoured years,
> Noosing with care a bursting purse,
> Baited with many a deadly curse!

Why should we speak of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*; since all know of it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing

the poet's looks, forbore to speak,—judiciously enough, for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns: but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode; the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

Another wild stormful Song, that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity, is *Macpherson's Farewell.* Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that co-operates. For was not this grim Celt, this shaggy North-land Cacus, that "lived a life of sturt and strife, and died by treacherie,"—was not he, too, one of the Nimrods and Napoleons of the earth, in the arena of his own remote misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider one? Nay, was there not a touch of grace given him? A fibre of love and softness, of poetry itself, must have lived in his savage heart; for he composed that air the night before his execution; on the wings of that poor melody his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain, and all the ignominy and despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss! Here also, as at Thebes, and in Pelops' line, was material Fate matched against man's Freewill; matched in bitterest though obscure duel; and the ethereal soul sank not, even in its blindness, without a cry which has survived it. But who, except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange half-barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling?

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Under a lighter disguise, the same principle of Love, which we have recognised as the great characteristic of Burns, and of all true poets, occasionally manifests itself in the shape of Humour. Everywhere, indeed, in his sunny moods, a full buoyant flood of mirth rolls through the mind of Burns; he rises to the high, and stoops to the low, and is brother and playmate to all Nature. We speak not of his bold and often irresistible faculty of caricature;

for this is Drollery rather than Humour: but a much tenderer sportfulness dwells in him; and comes forth here and there, in evanescent and beautiful touches; as in his *Address to the Mouse*, or the *Farmer's Mare*, or in his *Elegy on Poor Mailie*, which last may be reckoned his happiest effort of this kind. In these pieces there are traits of a Humour as fine as that of Sterne; yet altogether different, original, peculiar,—the Humour of Burns.

Of the tenderness, the playful pathos, and many other kindred qualities of Burns's Poetry, much more might be said; but now, with these poor outlines of a sketch, we must prepare to quit this part of our subject. To speak of his individual Writings, adequately and with any detail, would lead us far beyond our limits. As already hinted, we can look on but few of these pieces as, in strict critical language, deserving the name of Poems: they are rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense; yet seldom essentially melodious, aërial, poetical. *Tam o' Shanter* itself, which enjoys so high a favour, does not appear to us at all decisively to come under this last category. It is not so much a poem, as a piece of sparkling rhetoric; the heart and body of the story still lies hard and dead. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age, when the tradition was believed, and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new modelling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things; and which lives in us too, and will for ever live, though silent now, or vibrating with far other notes, and too far different issues. Our German readers will understand us, when we say, that he is not the Tieck but the Musäus of this tale. Externally it is all green and living; yet look closer, it is no firm growth, but only ivy on a rock. The piece does not properly cohere: the strange chasm which yawns in our incredulous imaginations between the Ayr public-house and the gate of Tophet, is nowhere bridged over, nay, the idea of such a bridge is laughed at; and thus the Tragedy of the adventure becomes a mere drunken phantasmagoria, or many-coloured spectrum painted on ale-vapours, and the Farce alone has any reality. We do not say that Burns should have made much more of this tradition; we rather think that, for strictly poetical purposes, not much *was* to be made of it.

Neither are we blind to the deep, varied, genial power displayed in what he has actually accomplished; but we find far more "Shakspearean" qualities, as these of *Tam o' Shanter* have been fondly named, in many of his other pieces; nay, we incline to believe that this latter might have been written, all but quite as well, by a man who, in place of genius, had only possessed talent.

Perhaps we may venture to say, that the most strictly poetical of all his "poems" is one which does not appear in Currie's Edition; but has been often printed before and since, under the humble title of *The Jolly Beggars*. The subject truly is among the lowest in Nature; but it only the more shows our Poet's gift in raising it into the domain of Art. To our minds, this piece seems thoroughly compacted; melted together, refined; and poured forth in one flood of true *liquid* harmony. It is light, airy, soft of movement; yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait: that *raucle carlin*, that *wee Apollo*, that *Son of Mars*, are Scottish, yet ideal: the scene is at once a dream, and the very Rag-castle of "Poosie-Nansie." Farther, it seems in a considerable degree complete, a real self-supporting Whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the Night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full, ruddy, flaming light, these rough tatterdemalions are seen in their boisterous revel; for the strong pulse of Life vindicates its right to gladness even here; and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action, without effort; the next day as the last, our *Caird* and our *Ballad-monger* are singing and soldering; their "brats and callets" are hawking, begging, cheating; and some other night, in new combinations, they will wring from Fate another hour of wassail and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. There is the fidelity, humour, warm life, and accurate painting and grouping of some Teniers, for whom hostlers and carousing peasants are not without significance. It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings: we mean to say only, that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind, as a piece of poetical composition, strictly so called. In the *Beggar's Opera*, in the *Beggar's Bush*, as other critics have already remarked, there is nothing which, in real poetic vigour, equals this

Cantata; nothing, as we think, which comes within many degrees of it.

But by far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with least obstruction; in its highest beauty and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be, that Song is a brief, simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. Yet the Song has its rules equally with the Tragedy; rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the Songs of Burns, which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced: for indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that, by any other hand, aught truly worth attention has been accomplished in this department. True, we have songs enough "by persons of quality;" we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred madrigals; many a rhymed speech "in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius the Portugal Bishop," rich in sonorous words, and, for moral, dashed perhaps with some tint of a sentimental sensuality; all which many persons cease not from endeavouring to sing; though for most part, we fear, the music is but from the throat outwards, or at best from some region far enough short of the *Soul*; not in which, but in a certain inane Limbo of the Fancy, or even in some vaporous debateable-land on the outskirts of the Nervous System, most of such madrigals and rhymed speeches seem to have originated.

With the Songs of Burns we must not name these things. Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view: in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs

since the little careless catches, and as it were drops of song, which Shakspeare has here and there sprinkled over his Plays, fulfil this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest of slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*, to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven*; from the glad kind greeting of *Auld Langsyne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart,—it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our Song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

It is on his Songs, as we believe, that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend: nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism is true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any Poet might have equalled himself with Legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His Songs are already part of the mother-tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

In another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable: we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great

changes which British, particularly Scottish literature, has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism, in this its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure, taken place of the old insular home-feeling; literature was, as it were, without any local environment; was not nourished by the affections which spring from a native soil. Our Grays and Glovers seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo*; the thing written bears no mark of place; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain Generalisations which philosophy termed men. Goldsmith is an exception: not so Johnson; the scene of his *Rambler* is little more English than that of his *Rasselas*. But if such was, in some degree, the case with England, it was, in the highest degree, the case with Scotland. In fact, our Scottish literature had, at that period, a very singular aspect; unexampled, so far as we know, except perhaps at Geneva, where the same state of matters still appears to continue. For a long period after Scotland became British we had no literature: at the date when Addison and Steele were writing their *Spectators* our good John Boston was writing, with the noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man*. Then came the schisms in our National Church, and the fiercer schisms in our Body Politic: Theologic ink, and Jacobite blood, with gall enough in both cases, seemed to have blotted out the intellect of the country: however, it was only obscured, not obliterated. Lord Kames made nearly the first attempt at writing English; and ere long Hume, Robertson, Smith, and a whole host of followers, attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet in this brilliant resuscitation of our "fervid genius," there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous, except, perhaps, the natural impetuosity of intellect, which we sometimes claim, and are sometimes upbraided with, as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English; our culture was almost exclusively French. It was by studying Racine and Voltaire, Batteux and Boileau, that Kames had trained himself to be a critic

and philosopher; it was the light of Montesquieu and Mably that guided Robertson in his political speculations; Quesnay's lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich a man to borrow; and perhaps he reacted on the French more than he was acted on by them; but neither had he aught to do with Scotland; Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche, was but the lodging and laboratory, in which he not so much morally *lived*, as metaphysically *investigated*. Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers so clear and well-ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay, of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic: but their general deficiency in moral principle, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so called, render this accountable enough. We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice; that our country may be dear to us, without injury to our philosophy; that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern Motherland, and the venerable Structure of social and moral Life, which Mind has through long ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this: surely the roots, that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being, may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life! Our Scottish sages have no such propensities: the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses; but only a flat, continuous threshing-floor for Logic, whereon all questions, from the "Doctrine of Rent" to the "Natural History of Religion," are threshed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality!

With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away: our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathising in all our attachments, humours, and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mould, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary

imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns: "a tide of Scottish prejudice," as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, "had been poured along his veins; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood-gates shut in eternal rest." It seemed to him as if *he* could do so little for his country, and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province stood open for him,—that of Scottish Song; and how eagerly he entered on it, how devotedly he laboured there! In his toilsome journeyings, this object never quits him; it is the little happy-valley of his careworn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction, he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end:—

> . . A wish (I mind its power),
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Will strongly heave my breast,—
> That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least.
>
> The rough bur Thistle spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,
> I turn'd my weeding-clips aside,
> And spared the symbol dear.

But to leave the mere literary character of Burns, which has already detained us too long. Far more interesting than any of his written works, as it appears to us, are his acted ones: the Life he willed and was fated to lead among his fellow-men. These Poems are but like little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the grand unrhymed Romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated in this at their proper places that they attain their full measure of significance. And this, too, alas, was but a fragment! The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticoes, firm masses of building, stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated; with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace towards the purposed termination. For the work is broken off in the middle,

almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his Poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfil it must often be accepted for the fulfilment; much more is this the case in regard to his Life, the sum and result of all his endeavours, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay, was mistaken, and altogether marred.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth: for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power, exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself; to the last, he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and therefore never can pursue it with that singleness of will, which ensures success and some contentment to such men. To the last, he wavers between two purposes: glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain "Rock of Independence," which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money than others; of his standing at a higher or at a lower altitude in general estimation than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colours; he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honour, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoyments, not earned by his own labour, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny. Thus, like a young man, he

cannot gird himself up for any worthy well-calculated goal, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope and remorseful disappointment: rushing onwards with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; travels, nay, advances far, but advancing only under uncertain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path; and to the last cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear decided Activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns; nay, perhaps, they but interest us the more in his favour. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without; as complex a condition from within; no "pre-established harmony" existed between the clay soil of Mossgiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns; and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated: yet in him too we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but at best, and only a little before his end, the beginning of what seemed such.

By much the most striking incident in Burns's Life is his journey to Edinburgh; but perhaps a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor and toilworn; but otherwise not ungenial, and, with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more: a man with a keen insight and devout heart; reverent towards God, friendly therefore at once, and fearless towards all that God has made: in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man*. Such a

father is seldom found in any rank in society, and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately, he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, almost never so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's small seven acres of nursery-ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school: had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature,—for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school-system: Burns remained a hard-worked ploughboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling: the solemn words, *Let us worship God*, are heard there from a "priest-like father;" if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune: nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humour of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and in their closest pressure he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of Existence is slowly rising, in many-coloured splendour and gloom: and the aurora light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> . . . . . in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough, upon the mountain side!

We ourselves know, from the best evidence, that up to this date Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world; more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof; goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society; and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life; a kind of mud-bath, in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself before the real toga of Manhood can be laid on him. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken: for Sin and Remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet but to yield to them, and even serve for a term in their leprous armada. We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it cannot be the training one receives in this Devil's service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly Action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained in any way what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world; that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity; and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free. Surely, such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father, while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of Fate, attracting us to ship-wreck us, when the heart is grown hard, and may be broken before it will become contrite. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully, which he

never did; and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

It seems to us another circumstance of fatal import in Burns's history, that at this time too he became involved in the religious quarrels of his district; that he was enlisted and feasted, as the fighting man of the New-Light Priesthood, in their highly unprofitable warfare. At the tables of these free-minded clergy he learned much more than was needful for him. Such liberal ridicule of fanaticism awakened in his mind scruples about Religion itself; and a whole world of Doubts, which it required quite another set of conjurers than these men to exorcise. We do not say that such an intellect as his could have escaped similar doubts at some period of his history; or even that he could at a later period have come through them altogether victorious and unharmed: but it seems peculiarly unfortunate that this time, above all others, should have been fixed for the encounter. For now, with principles assailed by evil example from without, by "passions raging like demons" from within, he had little need of sceptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild Desires and wild Repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldlings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse. The whole fabric of his life is blasted asunder; for now not only his character, but his personal liberty, is to be lost; men and Fortune are leagued for his hurt; "hungry Ruin has him in the wind." He sees no escape but the saddest of all: exile from his loved country, to a country in every sense inhospitable and abhorrent to him. While the "gloomy night is gathering fast," in mental storm and solitude, as well as in physical, he sings his wild farewell to Scotland:—

> Farewell, my friends; farewell, my foes!
> My peace with these, my love with those:

The bursting tears my heart declare;
Adieu, my native banks of Ayr!

Light breaks suddenly in on him in floods; but still a false transitory light, and no real sunshine. He is invited to Edinburgh; hastens thither with anticipating heart; is welcomed as in a triumph, and with universal blandishment and acclamation; whatever is wisest, whatever is greatest or loveliest there, gathers round him, to gaze on his face, to show him honour, sympathy, affection. Burns's appearance among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh must be regarded as one of the most singular phenomena in modern Literature; almost like the appearance of some Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern Politics. For it is nowise as "a mockery king" set there by favour, transiently and for a purpose, that he will let himself be treated; still less is he a mad Rienzi, whose sudden elevation turns his too weak head: but he stands there on his own basis; cool, unastonished, holding his equal rank from Nature herself; putting forth no claim which there is not strength *in* him, as well as about him, to vindicate. Mr. Lockhart has some forcible observations on this point:—

"It needs no effort of imagination," says he, "to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction, that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon-mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble,—nay, to tremble visibly,—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit, in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the

beginning, and had ere long no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves."

The farther we remove from this scene, the more singular will it seem to us: details of the exterior aspect of it are already full of interest. Most readers recollect Mr. Walker's personal interviews with Burns as among the best passages of his Narrative: a time will come when this reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's, slight though it is, will also be precious :—

"As for Burns," writes Sir Walter, "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantùm*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him: but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner; but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath :—

> "'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
> Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptised in tears.'

"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present; he mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

'His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture: but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen

in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i.e.*, none of your modern agriculturists who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh: but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

"I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless rational predilection in his estimate.

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this.—I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since."

The conduct of Burns under this dazzling blaze of favour; the calm, unaffected, manly manner in which he not only bore it, but estimated its value, has justly been regarded as the best proof that could be given of his real vigour and integrity of mind. A little natural vanity, some touches of hypocritical modesty, some glimmerings of affectation, at least some fear of being thought affected, we could have pardoned in almost any man; but no such indication is to be traced here. In his unexampled situation the young peasant is not a moment perplexed; so many strange lights do not confuse him, do not lead him astray. Nevertheless, we cannot but perceive that this winter did

him great and lasting injury. A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters, it did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever, that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this; it was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one, and reject the other; but must halt for ever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men: we "long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!

The Edinburgh Learned of that period were in general more noted for clearness of head than for warmth of heart: with the exception of the good old Blacklock, whose help was too ineffectual, scarcely one among them seems to have looked at Burns with any true sympathy, or indeed much otherwise than as at a highly curious *thing*. By the great also he is treated in the customary fashion; entertained at their tables and dismissed: certain modica of pudding and praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way. At the end of this strange season, Burns gloomily sums up his gains and losses, and meditates on the chaotic future. In money he is somewhat richer; in fame and the show of happiness, infinitely richer; but in the substance of it, as poor as ever. Nay, poorer: for his heart is now maddened still more with the fever of worldly Ambition; and through long years the disease will rack him with unprofitable sufferings, and weaken his strength for all true and nobler aims.

What Burns was next to do or to avoid; how a man so circumstanced was now to guide himself towards his true advantage, might at this point of time have been a question for the wisest. It was a question, too, which apparently he was left altogether to answer for himself: of his learned or rich patrons it had not struck any individual to turn a thought on this so trivial matter. Without claiming for Burns the praise of perfect sagacity, we must say that his Excise and Farm scheme does not seem to us a very unreasonable one; that we should be at a loss, even now, to suggest one decidedly better. Certain of his admirers have felt scandalised at his ever resolving to *gauge*; and would have had him lie at the pool, till the spirit of Patronage stirred the waters, that so, with one friendly plunge, all his sorrows might be healed. Unwise counsellors! They know not the manner of this spirit; and how, in the lap of most golden dreams, a man might have happiness, were it not that in the interim he must die of hunger! It reflects credit on the manliness and sound sense of Burns, that he felt so early on what ground he was standing, and preferred self-help, on the humblest scale, to dependence and inaction, though with hope of far more splendid possibilities. But even these possibilities were not rejected in his scheme: he might expect, if it chanced that he *had* any friend, to rise, in no long period, into something even like opulence and leisure; while again, if it chanced that he had no friend, he could still live in security; and for the rest, he "did not intend to borrow honour from any profession." We reckon that his plan was honest and well-calculated: all turned on the execution of it. Doubtless it failed, yet not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. Nay, after all, it was no failure of external means, but of internal, that overtook Burns. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul; to his last day, he owed no man anything.

Meanwhile he begins well: with two good and wise actions. His donation to his mother, munificent from a man whose income had lately been seven pounds a year, was worthy of him, and not more than worthy. Generous also, and worthy of him, was the treatment of the woman whose life's welfare now depended on his pleasure. A friendly observer might have hoped serene days for him: his mind is on the true road to peace with itself: what

clearness he still wants will be given as he proceeds; for the best teacher of duties, that still lie dim to us, is the Practice of those we see and have at hand. Had the "patrons of genius," who could give him nothing, but taken nothing from him, at least nothing more! The wounds of his heart would have healed, vulgar ambition would have died away. Toil and Frugality would have been welcome, since Virtue dwelt with them; and Poetry would have shone through them as of old: and in her clear ethereal light, which was his own by birthright, he might have looked down on his earthly destiny, and all its obstructions, not with patience only, but with love.

But the patrons of genius would not have it so. Picturesque tourists, all manner of fashionable danglers after literature, and, far worse, all manner of convivial Mæcenases, hovered round him in his retreat; and his good as well as his weak qualities secured them influence over him. He was flattered by their notice; and his warm social nature made it impossible for him to shake them off, and hold on his way apart from them. These men, as we believe, were proximately the means of his ruin. Not that they meant him any ill; they only meant themselves a little good; if he suffered harm, let *him* look to it! But they wasted his precious time and his precious talent; they disturbed his composure, broke down his returning habits of temperance and assiduous contented exertion. Their pampering was baneful to him; their cruelty, which soon followed, was equally baneful. The old grudge against Fortune's inequality awoke with new bitterness in their neighbourhood; and Burns had no retreat but to "the Rock of Independence," which is but an air-castle after all, that looks well at a distance, but will screen no one from real wind and wet. Flushed with irregular excitement, exasperated alternately by contempt of others, and contempt of himself, Burns was no longer regaining his peace of mind, but fast losing it for ever. There was a hollowness at the heart of his life, for his conscience did not now approve what he was doing.

Amid the vapours of unwise enjoyment, of bootless remorse, and angry discontent with Fate, his true loadstar, a life of Poetry, with Poverty, nay, with Famine, if it must be so, was too often altogether hidden from his eyes. And yet he sailed a sea, where without some such loadstar

there was no right steering. Meteors of French Politics rise before him, but these were not *his* stars. An accident this, which hastened, but did not originate, his worst distresses. In the mad contentions of that time, he comes in collision with certain official Superiors; is wounded by them; cruelly lacerated, we should say, could a dead mechanical implement, in any case, be called cruel: and shrinks, in indignant pain, into deeper self-seclusion, into gloomier moodiness than ever. His life has now lost its unity: it is a life of fragments; led with little aim, beyond the melancholy one of securing its own continuance —in fits of wild false joy when such offered, and of black despondency when they passed away. His character before the world begins to suffer: calumny is busy with him; for a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. Some faults he has fallen into, and a thousand misfortunes, but deep criminality is what he stands accused of, and they that are *not* without sin cast the first stone at him! For is he not a well-wisher of the French Revolution, a Jacobin, and therefore in that one act guilty of all? These accusations, political and moral, it has since appeared, were false enough: but the world hesitated little to credit them. Nay, his convivial Mæcenases themselves were not the last to do it. There is reason to believe that, in his later years, the Dumfries Aristocracy had partly withdrawn themselves from Burns, as from a tainted person, no longer worthy of their acquaintance. That painful class, stationed, in all provincial cities, behind the outmost breastwork of Gentility, there to stand siege and do battle against the intrusions of Grocerdom and Grazierdom, had actually seen dishonour in the society of Burns, and branded him with their veto; had, as we vulgarly say, *cut* him! We find one passage in this Work of Mr. Lockhart's, which will not out of our thoughts:—

"A gentleman of that county, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved than when riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening about this time to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said: 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over

now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad :—

> 'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
> His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new
> But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
> And casts himsell dowie upon the corn-bing.
>
> 'O were we young as we ance hae been,
> We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
> And linking it ower the lily-white lea!
> *And werena my heart light, I wad die.*'

"It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He, immediately after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived."

Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart," and that most of those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side, where the breastwork of gentility is quite thrown down,—who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother?

It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach maturity, or accomplish aught worthy of itself. His spirit was jarred in its melody; not the soft breath of natural feeling, but the rude hand of Fate, was now sweeping over the strings. And yet what harmony was in him, what music even in his discords! How the wild tones had a charm for the simplest and the wisest; and all men felt and knew that here also was one of the Gifted! "If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled!" Some brief pure moments of poetic life were yet appointed him in the composition of his Songs. We can understand how he grasped at this employment; and how, too, he spurned all other reward for it but what the labour itself brought him. For the soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength, though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement: and here, in his destitution and degradation, was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform.

He felt, too, that with all the "thoughtless follies" that had "laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier, but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country: so he cast from him the poor sixpence a-day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain! The money was not necessary to him; he struggled through without it: long since these guineas would have been gone, and now the high-mindedness of refusing them will plead for him in all hearts for ever.

We are here arrived at the crisis of Burns's life; for matters had now taken such a shape with him as could not long continue. If improvement was not to be looked for, Nature could only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself. We are not medically informed whether any continuance of years was, at this period, probable for Burns; whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events, as we have said, *some* change could not be very distant. Three gates of deliverance, it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The first, with longer life, was still possible, though not probable; for physical causes were beginning to be concerned in it: and yet Burns had an iron resolution; could he but have seen and felt, that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes, lay here. The second was still less probable, for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So the milder third gate was opened for him: and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

Contemplating this sad end of Burns, and how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy, generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and

the world. We question whether there is not more tenderness of heart than soundness of judgment in these suggestions. It seems dubious to us whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help. Counsel, which seldom profits any one, he did not need; in his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong as well, perhaps, as any man ever did; but the persuasion which would have availed him lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it. As to money, again, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see how any private man could, even presupposing Burns's consent, have bestowed on him an independent fortune with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men in any rank of society, could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of that term, no longer exists; except in the cases of kindred or other legal affinity, it is in reality no longer expected or recognised as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced "Patronage," that is, pecuniary or other economic furtherance, to be "twice cursed;" cursing him that gives and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters also, it has become the rule, as in regard to inward it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such, we say, is the principle of modern Honour; naturally enough, growing out of that sentiment of Pride which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality. Many a poet has been poorer than Burns, but no one was ever prouder; we may question whether, without great precautions, even a pension from Royalty would not have galled and encumbered more than actually assisted him.

Still less, therefore, are we disposed to join with another class of Burns's admirers, who accuse the higher ranks among us of having ruined Burns by their selfish neglect of him. We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall

readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; and light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with some fewer pangs. Nay, we shall grant farther, and for Burns it is granting much, that, with all his pride, he would have thanked, even with exaggerated gratitude, any one who had cordially befriended him; patronage, unless once cursed, needed not to have been twice so. At all events, the poor promotion he desired in his calling might have been granted: it was his own scheme, therefore likelier than any other to be of service. All this it might have been a luxury, nay, it was a duty, for our nobility to have done. No part of all this, however, did any of them do; or apparently attempt, or wish to do: so much is granted against them. But what then is the amount of their blame? Simply that they were men of the world, and walked by the principles of such men; that they treated Burns as other nobles and other commoners had done other poets; as the English did Shakspeare; as King Charles and his Cavaliers did Butler; as King Philip and his Grandees did Cervantes. Do men gather grapes of thorns? or shall we cut down our thorns for yielding only a *fence* and haws? How, indeed, could the "nobility and gentry of his native land" hold out any help to this "Scottish Bard, proud of his name and country"? Were the nobility and gentry so much as able rightly to help themselves? Had they not their game to preserve, their borough interests to strengthen, dinners, therefore, of various kinds to eat and give? Were their means more than adequate to all this business, or less than adequate? Less than adequate, in general; few of them in reality were richer than Burns; many of them were poorer; for sometimes they had to wring their supplies, as with thumb-screws, from the hard hand; and, in their need of guineas, to forget their duty of mercy, which Burns was never reduced to do. Let us pity and forgive them. The game they preserved and shot, the dinners they ate and gave, the borough interests they strengthened, the *little* Babylons they severally builded by the glory of their might, are all melted or melting

back into the primeval Chaos, as man's merely selfish endeavours are fated to do; and here was an action, extending, in virtue of its worldly influence, we may say, through all time; in virtue of its moral nature, beyond all time, being immortal as the Spirit of Goodness itself; this action was offered them to do, and light was not given them to do it. Let us pity and forgive them. But better than pity, let us go and *do otherwise*. Human suffering did not end with the life of Burns; neither was the solemn mandate, "Love one another, bear one another's burdens," given to the rich only, but to all men. True, we shall find no Burns to relieve, to assuage by our aid or our pity; but celestial natures, groaning under the fardels of a weary life, we shall still find; and that wretchedness which Fate has rendered *voiceless* and *tuneless* is not the least wretched, but the most.

Still, we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its Teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for Wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where, then, does it lie? We are forced to answer: With himself; it is his inward, not his outward, misfortunes that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some

want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of *any* external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay, if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive, converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done, may be done again: nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons; for without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness, of Self-denial in all its forms, no good man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

We have already stated the error of Burns, and mourned over it, rather than blamed it. It was the want of unity in his purposes, of consistency in his aims; the hapless attempt to mingle in friendly union the common spirit of the world with the spirit of poetry, which is of a far different and altogether irreconcilable nature. Burns was nothing wholly, and Burns could be nothing, no man formed as he was can be anything, by halves. The heart, not of a mere hot-blooded, popular Versemonger, or poetical *Restaurateur*, but of a true Poet and Singer, worthy of the old religious heroic times, had been given him: and he fell in an age, not of heroism and religion, but of scepticism, selfishness, and triviality, when true Nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of Pride. The influences of that age, his open, kind, susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him to cast aside, or rightly subordinate; the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy: he spent his life in endeavouring to reconcile these two; and lost it, as he must lose it, without reconciling them.

Burns was born poor, and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavour to be otherwise: this it had

been well could he have once for all admitted, and considered as finally settled. He was poor, truly; but hundreds even of his own class and order of minds have been poorer, yet have suffered nothing deadly from it: nay, his own Father had a far sorer battle with ungrateful destiny than his was; and he did not yield to it, but died courageously warring, and to all moral intents prevailing, against it. True, Burns had little means, had even little time for poetry, his only real pursuit and vocation; but so much the more precious was what little he had. In all these external respects his case was hard, but very far from the hardest. Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of Poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor; and wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost*? Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. Did not Cervantes finish his work, a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the *Araucana*, which Spain acknowledges as its Epic, written without even the aid of paper; on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

And what, then, had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single, not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshippers; but seekers and worshippers of something far better than Self. Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea of Religion, of Patriotism, of heavenly Wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which cause they neither shrank from suffering, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful; but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the "golden-calf of Self-love," however curiously carved, was not their Deity; but the Invisible Goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they

willed one thing, to which all other things were subordinated and made subservient; and therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks; but its edge must be sharp and single: if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing.

Part of this superiority these men owed to their age; in which heroism and devotedness were still practised, or at least not yet disbelieved in: but much of it likewise they owed to themselves. With Burns, again, it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for. A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and acting only for moments. He has no Religion; in the shallow age, where his days were cast, Religion was not discriminated from the New and Old Light *forms* of Religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, "a great Perhaps."

He loved Poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For Poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of Wisdom, of Religion; is itself Wisdom and Religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich, to be, or to seem, "independent;" but it *was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature highest also in his life; "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence, which external events would for ever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavours. Lifted into that serene æther, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: poverty, neglect, and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his Art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike

on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether for his culture as a Poet poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. "I would not for much," says Jean Paul, "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for, in another place, he adds: "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, "the canary-bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay, prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones: but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthly voices; brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven? Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? To-morrow he must go drudge as an Exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and, at times, an offender against certain rules of society; but rather that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *amuck* against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed, by his own or others' fault, ever know contentment or peaceable diligence for an hour? What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others; only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish ploughman, but of an English peer: the highest worldly honours, the

fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives towards the Infinite and the Eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the housetop to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might, like him, have "purchased a pocket-copy of Milton to study the character of Satan;" for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case, too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar Ambition will not live kindly with poetic Adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now—we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which, ere long, will fill itself with snow!

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher Doctrine, a purer Truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted; yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there: they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history—*twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the Poet of his Age, to consider well what it is that

he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories, nor its fearful perils, are fit for him. Let him dwindle into a modish balladmonger; let him worship and besing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him. If, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favour of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favour and furtherance for literature; like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?

But we must stop short in these considerations, which would lead us to boundless lengths. We had something to say on the public moral character of Burns; but this also we must forbear. We are far from regarding him as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay, from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more rigid than that where the *Plebiscita* of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even there less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively, but negatively, less on what is done right, than

on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured: and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful: but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

AMERICAN Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished." True, surely: as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify! Why do men crowd towards the improved drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such an extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked-out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-flies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thoroughfares, Whither so fast? To see dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male! Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilisation, a *soirée* of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well-lighted, thronged; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde-gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces: for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished: oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see; whom it is worth while to go and see: look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-*soirée* admits not of speech; there lies the specialty of it. A meeting together of human creatures; and yet (so high has civilisation gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not; nay, there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none. For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such lion-*soirées*, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanters are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you

lift his label, and read it, with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. O Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that has become distinguished;" and moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it, where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together? A tendency, we say, of manifold results; of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime;—which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, "as dim-eyed animals do, towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary," or even "sheep-like, to run and crowd because many *have* already run!" It is indeed curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously huzzahs and venerates, as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jostle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright: and do there not lie, of the self-same pewter whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheep-like quality, but something better, and indeed best: what has been called "the perpetual fact of hero-worship;" our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, "it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, *that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey.* Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest feather-head, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."

So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of "hero-worship" was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary, and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; whereon polities, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of great men!—In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance; cheerfully wish even lion-*soirées*, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at lowest, is proof that guineas exist, that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetite can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilised countries; and to the last included, and do still include, a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the observed of all observers; a great man, or only a considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singularly circumstanced, is a "distinguished" man! In regard to whom, therefore, the "instinctive tendency" on other men's part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected *Life* "by his son-in-law and literary executor" again summons the whole world's attention round him, probably

for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things,—why should not this Periodical Publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude; to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude, but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish; at least to wait till the Work were finished: for the Six promised Volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a Seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory; and declare that, finished or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by that Seventh Volume; the prior Six have altered it but little;—as, indeed, a man who has written some two hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the *Life* itself. Mr. Lockhart's known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict in general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was, does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, "There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott's appearance and transit on this earth; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us:" this was by no manner of means Mr. Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection, from that of the *Odyssey* down to *Thomas Ellwood*, or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man: also, it may be said, there is no life of a man,

faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one; are so much easier to write than one. The *Odyssey*, for instance, what were the value of the *Odyssey* sold per sheet? One paper of *Pickwick*; or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation: *Odyssey* equal to *Pickwick* divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and emblemed forth, determines the value. Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as time. Paradoxical does it seem! Woe for the age, woe for the man, quack-ridden, bespeeched, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange!—Such we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless? One thinks, Had but the hogshead of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been *distilled*, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one *Natty Leatherstocking*, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse writing, of diffuse acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him, more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work *not* visibly done! Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect and otherwise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of

centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air, and shout, "*Io Pæan!* the Devil *is* conquered;"—and the *mean* while, study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr. Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at: or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligibly bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents, and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His Work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More*, for instance, up to this *Life of Scott*, there is a wide range indeed! Let us take the Seven Volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other, would have shown little policy in an author. Had Mr. Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition, in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in England are better qualified to do, there can be no doubt but his readers for the time had been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity be denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have: Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary, by whosoever has a call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense: these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations, statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely

without interest, are copiously given; copiously, but with selection; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity, and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have "received pain:" nay, the very Hero of the Biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence "personality," "indiscretion," or worse, "sanctities of private life," etc. etc. How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs for ever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, "there are no English lives worth reading except those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden Respectability good-day." The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was, that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote and that we kept reading volume on volume; there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum* as we say, and wind and shadow,—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an

entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians), is a series of *falls*. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! no ghost of a biography, let the Damocles' sword of Respectability (which, after all, is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve, that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public: we joyfully accept the omen.

Perhaps, then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his Work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified-ghost condition. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires may, sometimes very fairly, get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination; natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is fit that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that they be not written at all; to produce not things, but ghosts of things, can never be the duty of man.

The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do *it*, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will, of course, keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue*; nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting,—*having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay, be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the accuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected; if the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart, it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at nought, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful

flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for its own force would not carry it far: That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence—"That there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this, that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye; that his very faults become beautiful; his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not the patient Biographer dwell on his *Abbots*, *Pirates*, and hasty theatrical scene-paintings; affectionately analysing them, as if they were Raphael-pictures, time-defying *Hamlets*, *Othellos*? The Novel-manufactory, with its £15,000 a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to Heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time; an object spreading out before him like a sea without shore. Of *that* astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision, and insight wrote it; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or purchase the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written *Life*; we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be do doubt but many men have been named and printed *great* who were vastly smaller than he; as little doubt, moreover, that of the

specially *good*, a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune, indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances; but may or may not indicate anything great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or, alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man; *showing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*! And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your "series of years," quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost all on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane Princesses cried out, "One God, one Farinelli!"—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced?

In Literature, too, there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities: Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament, but is as good as lost and gone out; or plays at best in the eyes of some few as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier, writing his *Don Quixote* in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for

in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again.

Or, coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating civilised Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtchatka; his own "astonishing genius" meanwhile producing two tragedies or so per month: he, on the whole, blazed high enough: he, too, has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether; and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name "great." It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.

His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part

transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, "no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted." Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no "dark region to slay monsters for us," did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market-labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities; the false, the semi-false, and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion;" but surely it is a double woe to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men!

Brother Ringletub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, He had *fire enough in his belly* to burn up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great—that he *have* fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepense, become a "friend of humanity;" nay, that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatalest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and naught. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart

of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in Nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*.

Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had, nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself "the armed Soldier of Democracy;" and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea; that, namely, of '*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them;" really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must end. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realise this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while: before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realised, in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men; children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner man of Scott.

Yet, on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had all lying so

beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy, and, withal, very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men.

Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the high-born, to the rich, and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy: coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net-total, as shown by experiment, of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is the most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible—as Walker the *Original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *could* not, by much abstinence from soap and water, attain to a dirty face! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, "All this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress." Blessed is the

healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Now all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent,—if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay, there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was Nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British Literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other Sentimentalism tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal *wind*), Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, "These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!" It is one of the cheerfulest sights, let the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birthland of his? In the saddle, with the foray-spear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout *Beardie* of Harden's time, he could have played Beardie's part; and *been* the stalwart buff-belted *terræ filius* he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout self-help was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed, sound-hearted man, of joyous, robust temper, looking to the main chance, and fighting direct

thitherward; *valde stalwartus homo!*—How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign! But indeed who knows how much slumbers in many men? Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocal are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal. It is even a question, whether, had not want, discomfort, and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerund-grinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich: those two eggs thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border-chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century; here, and not there, lay his business. Beardie of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element; how he helps himself along in it, makes it to do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to; this is the history of the life and achievements of *our* Sir Walter Scott, Baronet;—whereat we are now to glance for a little! It is a thing remarkable; a thing substantial: of joyful, victorious sort; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently, there is more to wonder at than admire; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards Literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other

Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unencumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy; nothing eminent in place, in faculty or culture, yet nothing deficient; all around is methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kind-heartedness; an element of warmth and light, of affection, industry, and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature had said withal, "Let it be a health to express itself by mind, not by body," a lameness is added in childhood; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organisation; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. "Nature gives healthy children much; how much! Wise education is a wise unfolding of this; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord."

Add one other circumstance: the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream in at every pore, "There is a country 'accent,'" says La Rochefoucault, "not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character, and manner of existing which never forsakes a man." Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter. Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott can doubt but Presbyterianism too had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has "made a step from which it cannot retrograde." Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a Universe, creature of an Eternity, has penetrated to the remotest

cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a Heavenly Behest, of Duty god-commanded, overcanopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people: one may say in a more special sense, "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Honour to all the brave and true; everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, "Let the people be taught:" this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, "Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these: no, in no wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites; but men! This great message Knox did deliver with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained *majority*; thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms: the form of hard-fisted money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there; it may utter itself one day as the colossal Scepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too though painful, wrestling, Titan-like, through doubt and inquiry towards new belief); and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired Melody of a Burns: in a word, it is there, and continues to manifest itself, in the Voice and the Work of a Nation of hardy endeavouring considering men, with whatever that may bear in it or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and on

some sides not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school-days, college-days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. "So lived an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century," may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an Autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if anywhere, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good humour had free scope:—

"An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, at least so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

"It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well re-

member lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him, in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys), with a small cocked hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheepskin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774), for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period."

We will glance next into the *Liddesdale raids*. Scott has grown-up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and Advocate: in vacation-time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory Debatable Land,—over Flodden and other fields, and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours, under this eternal sky; and gives and takes in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whisky not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has, perhaps, been aggravated for effect's sake:

"During seven successive years," writes Mr. Lockhart (for the Autobiography has long since left us), "Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district;—the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity,—even such a 'rowth of auld knicknackets', as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose.

To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. 'He was *makin' himsell* a' the time,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun.'

"'In those days,' says the Memorandum before me, 'advocates were not so plenty—at least about Liddesdale;' and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farmhouse they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, 'out by the edge of the door-cheek,' whispered, 'Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think.' Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round 'the advocate,' and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

"According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont." . . . . "They dined at Millburnholm; and after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were 'half-glowrin',' mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleughhead, where ('for,' says my Memorandum, 'folk were na very nice in those days') the two travellers slept in one and the same bed,—as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliot (a clergyman) had already a large manuscript collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of." . . . "Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one 'auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope,' another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt* of *Dick o' the Cow*. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had, 'just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae, and some *London* porter.' Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for 'breakfast' on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of 'riding music,' and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail, which he called 'Wisdom,' because it 'made' only a few spoonfuls of spirits,—though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to 'Wisdom,' they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. 'Ah, me,' says Shortreed, 'sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery

as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsell to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsell the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare)—but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude humour.' "

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, wherein the element of whisky plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it *is* questionable, and not exemplary, whisky mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed charity hopes and conjectures here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

"On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception, as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fashion of 'Burns's Saturday Night;' and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good man of the farm, whose 'tendency,' as Mr. Mitchell says, 'was soporific,' scandalised his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of 'By ——, here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious 'exercise' of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay; and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg—the consternation of the dame—and the rueful despair with which the young clerygman closed the book."

From which Liddesdale *raids*, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days

young advocates, and Scott, like the rest of them, were *alive* and alert,—whisky sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young Advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted Sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbling a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of Goethe's *Götz with the Iron Hand*;—and we have arrived at the threshold of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by Nature and Circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality, and duty, legal or civic:—with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed, who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulse*; he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and *can* do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest being also by nature our *quietest*, are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yeasty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired "taxes on knowledge" to allay it a little;—he comforted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent latent manner.

Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost several hundred thousand pounds sterling by Literature; but he might have been a

happy and by no means a useless,—nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuller Walter! However, that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age,—an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabout, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances,—had said to himself: What man shall be the temporary comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfit-maker of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little? So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, What man? and found him walking the dusty Outer Parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* proved to be a well from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new-discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado,—or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new Literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The *Lays*, the *Marmions*, the *Ladys* and *Lords* of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with ever-widening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty and more sometimes) were printed off, then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown, and apotheosis there was: all is recorded in these Seven Volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable: the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it.

No blaze in his fancy is likely to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. "Health, wealth, and wit to guide them" (as his vernacular Proverb says), all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself,—the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide circle of friends, personal loving admirers; warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can true-heartedly nestle down among them; light of radiance and renown given only to a few: who would not call Scott happy? But the happiest circumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things showed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic; and then in the way of practice they prove true or else not true: but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn out well? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if, when set to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into *holes*? They are untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these principles of his; openly convicted of untruth;—fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs? We say not that; but we do say, that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*, is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil,—may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthiness showed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this: the way in which he took his fame; the estimate he from the first

formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth; but the thing men call fame, what is it? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much,—except, indeed, as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life. Not necessary, now or ever! Seemingly without much effort, but taught by Nature, and the instinct which instructs the sound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this same emblazonry of reputation; that he ought to put no trust in it; but be ready at any time to see it pass away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he escaped in this manner; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without a name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was easier to him. What a strange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men! In thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey, in thy belly it shall be bitter as gall! Some weakly-organised individual, we will say at the age of five-and-twenty, whose main or whole talent rests on some prurient susceptivity, and nothing under it but shallowness and vacuum, is clutched hold of by the general imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height; and taught to believe the divine-seeming message that he is a great man: such individual seems the luckiest of men: and, alas, is he not the unluckiest? Swallow not the Circe-draught, O weakly-organised individual; it is fell poison: it will dry up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched; thou shalt be wretched under the sun!

Is there, for example, a sadder book than that *Life of Byron* by Moore? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vacuum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Sitting there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created Universe; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitifulest whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture,—as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow! Lamentable, despicable,—one had rather be a kitten and cry mew! O son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art lovable, those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest *not* with, is

it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory, with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them? It is not of moment; in sober truth, not of any moment at all! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely,—from *one* soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee! How is thy world become desert; and thou, for the sake of a little babblement of tongues, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent not in purse, but in heart and mind! "The Golden Calf of self-love," says Jean Paul, "has grown into a burning Phalaris' Bull, to consume its owner and worshipper." Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of Sin in this world. The man of letters who founds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named *Satan*, the Enemy), and member of the Satanic school?——

It was in this poetic period that Scott formed his connection with the Ballantynes, and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *Vates* to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of—manifold higglings of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who, indeed, got no copyrights, made much money by the war commissariat in his time; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. St. George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, "*Put money in thy purse.*"

Here, indeed, it is to be remarked that perhaps no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon, but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at, and buttoned into the breeches pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith, and terrified at scepticism? Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion? Be this as it may, surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott. Equally unconscious these two utterances; equally the sincere complete products of the minds they came from: any now if they were equally *deep*? Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unencumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise! The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a Universe as this of ours, have something to speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel tidings, burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's,—except to an age altogether languid, without either scepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary

men; yet withal will recognise the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is a something, not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cants, fanaticisms, and "last infirmity of noble minds,"—full of misery, unrest, and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the Earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force in them. This, which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and sympathised with. Considering what wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping-up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome. Consider whether the *Loves of the Plants*, and even the *Loves of the Triangles*, could be worth the loves and hates of men and women! Scott was as preferable to what he displaced, as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance. But, in the second place, we may say that the *kind* of worth which Scott manifested was fitted especially for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at Scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life, under strange new circumstances. Now vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein those maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without a

reflex solacement: "O, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness; and been and felt myself alive among men alive!" Add lastly, that in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings! The reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down as his ease, and be ministered to. What the Turkish bathkeeper is said to aim at with his frictions and shampooings and fomentings, more or less effectually, that the patient in total idleness may have the delights of activity,—was here to a considerable extent realised. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, Be at ease, and let thy tepid element be comfortable to thee. "The rude man," says a critic, "requires only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect."

We named the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* the fountain from which flowed this great river of Metrical Romances; but according to some they can be traced to a still higher, obscurer spring; to Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*; of which, as we have seen, Scott in his earlier days executed a translation. Dated a good many years ago, the following words in a criticism on Goethe are found written, which probably are still new to most readers of this Review:—

"The works just mentioned, *Götz* and *Werter*, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word, once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it re-appeared

with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumberable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances, which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen*: and, if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit."

How far *Götz von Berlichingen* actually affected Scott's literary destination, and whether without it the rhymed romances, and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question; obscure, and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt, that these two tendencies, which may be named *Götzism* and *Werterism*, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making the tour of all Europe. In Germany too there was this affectionate, half-regretful looking-back into the Past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it before Scott began. Then as to *Werterism*, had not we English our Byron and his genus? No form of Werterism in any other country had half the potency; as our Scott carried Chivalry Literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron Werterism. France, busy with its revolution and Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for Götzism or Werterism; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole "Literature of Desperation" in our own days; the beggarliest form of Werterism yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a noble-gifted Chateaubriand, Götz and Werter both in one. —Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same county; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier;—and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in

mutual ignorance, intoxication, and boastful speech ; which end in broken windows, damage, waste, and bloody noses ; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure !

But leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark was that British Werterism, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a " class of feelings deeply important to modern minds ; feelings which arise from *passion incapable of being converted into action*, which belong to an age as indolent, cultivated, and unbelieving as our own ! " The " languid age without either faith or scepticism " turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar : here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery ; an indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it,—which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it ; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication : an unpleasant business, which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life ; Poetry had already yielded him much money ; *this* at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this matter ;—and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one : shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep ! In the spring of 1814 appeared *Waverley* ; an event memorable in the annals of British Literature ; in the annals of British Book-selling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated ; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the *Don Juan* one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry-lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What " series " followed

out of *Waverley*, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His "Waverley series," swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading; looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries.

A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first most people suspected, and soon after the first, few intelligent persons much doubted that the Author of *Waverley* was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up; rather piquant to the public; doubtless very pleasant to the author, who saw it all; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-drawn "clear proof at last," that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So-and-so—one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged Author it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine: he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the Waverley Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the "Author of *Waverley*" was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world.

How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit, and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may

say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them—as, indeed, it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps, even with himself, in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince Regentship itself; an almost official matter :—

"On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815), the Prince said, 'Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him;' and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levée*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam, also, as to the composition of the party. 'Let us have,' said he, 'just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;' and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly), the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth), the Earl of Fife, and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. 'The Prince and Scott,' says Mr. Croker, 'were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table.' The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain ermine sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this: Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring

circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, 'Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie ower for the present:' and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house, for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms—'To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!' Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper, 'And now, Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance.' The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and 'I' faith, Walter,' says he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast:—

> "'The table spread with tea and toast,
> Death-warrants and the *Morning-Post*'?

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for 'a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of Waverley;' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions; but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness, 'Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion, and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. . . . Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment, if possible, still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs."

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether *un*officially and much better described. It is James Ballantyne, the printer and publisher's dinner, in St. John Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the birth-eve of a Waverley Novel:—

"The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly præses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth—

'Fill full!
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!'

This was followed by 'the King, God bless him!' and second came—'Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine: I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!' All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with 'bated breath,' in the sort of whisper by which a stage-conspirator thrills the gallery, —'*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*'— The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence; and then Ballantyne proceeded—

'In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious'—

to lament the obscurity, in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world; to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received; and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—'the proudest hour of his life,' etc., etc. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *nonchalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—*The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, O!*—or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*;—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming Romance. 'One chapter—one chapter only!' was the cry. After '*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*' and a few more coy shifts,

the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

"The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting stave, which was uniformly *the Last Words of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham."

Over at Abbotsford things wear a still more prosperous aspect. Scott is building there, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed; he has bought and is buying land there; fast as the new gold comes in for a new Waverley Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood:—

"About the middle of February" (1820), says Mr. Lockhart, "it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring,—I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket, and so forth, under the clerk's gown."—"At noon, when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament Close; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under weigh for Tweedside. As we proceeded," etc.

"Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church-service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his Redgauntlet:—'He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eye-brows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to

ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait.' Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat, and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort, and the honest consequence of a confidential *grieve* had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, end the sinister habits of a *black-fisher*;—and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

" We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked, that ' it was not every author who should lead him such a dance.' But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, ' This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom ! '—' You may say that, Sheriff,' quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable—' My certy,' he added, scratching his head, ' and I think it will be a grand season for *our buiks* too.' But indeed Tom always talked of *our buiks*, as if they had been as regular products of the soil as *our aits* and *our birks*. Having threaded first the Hexilcleugh and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. 'Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation ' (named Chiefswood), ' by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.' * * * ' As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his " Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe.' "

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous: all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless miscellany of pilgrims. As many as " sixteen parties " have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferney in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls " the flesh-flies; " buzzing swarms of blue-

bottles, who never fail where any taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's *healthiness*, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere showed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his bluebottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall (in a very compressed state) :—

"We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. The" etc.—"Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, 'welled out alway.'"—"Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;"—"came like a stream of poetry from his lips;"—"path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine."—"Impossible to touch on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it."—"Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story."—"In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel."—"Interspersed with these various readings were some hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetical."—"At breakfast to-day we had, as usual, some 150 stories—God knows how they came in."—"In any man so gifted—so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!"—"For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table, but takes," etc. etc.

Among such worshippers, arriving in "sixteen parties a-day," an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no bluebottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work,—under pain of sugared *squash* (called quassia) and king's yellow! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course: enjoyed what was enjoyable in it; endured what could not well be helped; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of romance-*copy*, in preserving his composure of heart;—in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor, and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentablest way fevered

his internal life, though he kept it well down; but it affected him *less* than it would have done almost any other man. For his guests were not all of the bluebottle sort; far from that. Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a British Ferney ever yielded, or is like to yield: and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:—

"It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the staunchest of anglers, Mr. Rose: but he too was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his Hinves, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed, wiry Highlander, yclept *Hoddin Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

"The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet!' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background;—Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

'What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had na mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!'

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on.

"This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers: but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers;—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey, to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden-chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay their noses over the paling, and as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, 'to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird.'

"There" at Chiefswood "my wife and I spent this summer and autumn of 1821; the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of newcomers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horseleech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillée*

under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*: and then having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced, this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing."

Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio: the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless, and despicable. Scott had some £2,000 a year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe, pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was *infected*; sick of the fearfullest malady, that of Ambition! To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour and "sixteen parties a-day," brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains, and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured. Walter Scott, one of the gifted

of the world, whom his admirers call the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds.

It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not a man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make £15,000 a year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!—

> "The whole world was not half so wide
> To Alexander when he cried,
> Because he had but one to subdue,
> As was a narrow paltry tub to
> Diogenes; who ne'er was said,
> For aught that ever I could read,
> To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob,
> Because he had ne'er another tub."

Not he! And if, "looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude," Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, *what*, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which, once set it a-working, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent

languid men, here was the very perfection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott." The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and *is* a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy masterlike coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, "round as the O of Giotto." It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Farthermore, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Baillie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion), do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakspeare, a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions

them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had "done Goethe the honour" to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew.

To the same purport indeed we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental,—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting *Waverley*, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But, after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true for ever, that Literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men: or if Literature have them not, then Literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the Waverley

Novels. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly-struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these Novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress, and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly with singular vividness before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we, too, one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed Dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonderfullest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little—among the ordinary circulating library heroes he might well pass for a demigod. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What, then, is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but not all generations: ah, no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse! Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind

has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one.

Secondly, however, we may say, these Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state papers, controversies, and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of "philosophy teaching by experience" will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, Philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him; correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme; and the matter produced was excellent, considering that: the circumstances under which some of his Novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready writing; nay, farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly; and, round or not, be thrown off like Giotto's O. But, indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man

engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done.* A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right angle in the world; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated.

And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing, no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty! Let ready-writers with any faculty in them lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not with ease, that a man shall *do his best,* in any shape; above all, in this shape justly named of "soul's travail," working in the deep places of thought, embodying the True out of the Obscure and Possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated False? Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready-writers? The whole *Prophecies of Isaiah* are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a Review Article. Shakspeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes,—though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakspeare's plan; no easy writer he, or he had never been a Shakspeare. Neither was Milton one of the mob of gentlemen that write with ease; he did not attain Shakspeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast *after* long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he "had

nothing sent him in his sleep;" no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, "*könnte nie fertig werden*, never could get done;" the noble genius of him struggled not wisely but too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily? Dante sees himself "growing lean" over his *Divine Comedy*; in stern solitary death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may: hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures for ever more among men.

No: creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains, and fire-flames, in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too, the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth: why wilt thou brag of it to me? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue! "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is sometimes d——d hard reading." Sometimes; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed everybody; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracle; for which see his Journal above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that Journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; "and as for the invention," says he, "it is known that this costs Scott nothing, but comes to him of its own accord." Convenient indeed!—But for us too Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it, yet with measure. For

observe always, there are two conditions in work: let me fix the quality, and *you* shall fix the quantity! Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with never such rapidity in a passable manner is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicality of mind, and in fine, that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view rapidity will betoken health of mind: much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy writing is attainable by man! The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural Rides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Paper-money, seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive-principle: he flowed on for ever, a mighty tide of ditch-water; and even died flowing, with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common Editor of a Daily Newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane: how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready-writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it? It is a valuable consummation. Not without results; —results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown

to be as Talk, then DEMOCRACY (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bugbear and probability, but a certainty, and event as good as come! "Inevitable seems it me." But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; everywhere the ready-writer is found bragging strangely of his readiness. In a late translated *Don Carlos*, one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, "The reader will possibly think it an excuse, when I assure him that the whole piece was completed within the space of ten weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January, and the eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of a fortnight's interruption from over-exertion); that I often translated twenty pages a day, and that the fifth act was the work of five days." O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades of years? The only question is, How hast thou done it?

So, however, it stands: the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah's deluges—of ditch-water! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene! That surely is an awful reflection; worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew; it is not Literature they are swimming away; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature *before* Printing or Faust of Mentz, and yet men wrote extempore? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore? Literature is the Thought of thinking souls; this by the blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott's career of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was, that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay

for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writings must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed in secret everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and, even with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length have come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity over-wrought, and worn-out, behoved to have been spoken;—such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which seemed to stand strong, like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangour, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became fairy money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful, then, all bankrupt, broken in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhither for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course or fashion of mind to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task of removing rubbish-mountains since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years, too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly;

with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength;—and *it* proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart. Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons*, *Demonologies*, *Scotch Histories*, and the rest, criticism finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, Woe is me! The noble war-horse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down; perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe*; that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, on hint from Byron's *Ravenna Journal*: copious sections of it render this Sixth Volume more interesting than any of the former ones:—

"*Abbotsford, May* 11 (1826).— . . . It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed?—and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille*. I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me."

"*Edinburgh,—Mrs. Brown's lodgings, North St. David Street—May* 12.—I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

"Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, 'When I was at home I was in a better place;' I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation —'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with

one.' Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy,—a clergyman, and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one."

"*May* 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.—Hogg was here yesterday, in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of £100 from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself."

"*May* 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.'

"*Abbotsford, May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—All but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty-years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could."

"*May* 18.— . . . Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no."

"*May* 22.— . . . Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-

day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking."

"*May* 26.— . . . Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!"

"*Edinburgh, May* 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. . . . I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward. This has been a melancholy day—most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead."

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, When he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it; ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

THE END

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